The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1923 NUMBER 447

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The Week

THE FRANCO-GERMAN SITUATION has "gone underground" during the past week, but the developments have been none the less important. The fall of the Belgian government gave Poincaré a convenient pretext for delaying his reply to the Curzon proposal and the British "questionnaire." Press forecasts of his answer to the latter stated that France will consider satisfactory action to have been taken by the German government in ending passive resistance if orders are given to all state agents to discontinue resistance and assist in the administration of the Ruhr. If this is done, France will thereafter conduct an "invisible"—that is to say, a civil—occupation. Meanwhile, however, French oppression grows daily more severe. Food supplies are being curtailed and a "starvation blockade" is feared by Germany, which has sent an identic note to all the powers except France and Belgium protesting the "terrorism" of the occupation. Poincaré has received two votes of confidence in the Chamber, and, perhaps emboldened thereby, announces that France will never consent to have the sum of reparations fixed by any impartial tribunal. She insists on 26,000,000,000 gold marks and as much more of her theoretical total share as is necessary to meet the demands of England and the United States, which at present aggregate another 25,000,000,000 or 30,000,000,000 gold marks.

THE ASSASSINATION of Stambulisky, the resignation of President Li Yuan-hung of China, a continued deadlock at Lausanne and the meeting of the Third International at Moscow are the other outstanding developments in the week's foreign affairs. While the Angora government defies Poincaré on the question whether Turkish bonds shall be paid in paper francs or in pounds sterling, a group of French and British capitalists headed by Urquhart has signed an agreement which is supposed to give them virtual control of all Turkish exports and imports. Not to be outdone, Persia is flirting with American capitalists for a $10,000,000 loan in exchange for oil concessions. Incidentally, the earthquake in Persia late in May wiped out at least 4,000 and perhaps as many as 20,000 persons—an unimportant matter to a world sated with horrors in the past nine years. The Russo-British quarrel seems fairly certain of reaching an amicable settlement, though the text of the first Curzon note, recently published by the Manchester Guardian, is of a provocative character. Russia, as might have been expected, has refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the World Court in cases where her interest is affected. Mussolini shows himself in his true colors by demanding that proportional representation be abolished in Italy and that the leading party in any election shall be awarded two-thirds of the seats in the Italian Chamber. A proposal for a "League of the Baltic States" seems to have resulted in little comment in Germany except a proposal from Dr. Dernburg that his country apply for membership in the League of Nations itself. That the civil war in Ireland is really over is shown by a statement by De Valera in which, though he breathes defiance, he asserts the Republicans will place a candidate in the field in each constituency in the forthcoming elections. If elected, they will refuse to serve.

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RAILROADS, COAL MINES and wheat farmers have shared the public attention in the field of domestic affairs this week. Five hundred delegates representing wheat growers of seven states have met in Chicago to consider "the greatest drop in wheat in 50 years." Pennsylvania mine operators have asked the U. S. Coal Commission to insist on individual contracts with miners, abolish the check-off system, put arbitration clauses in all wage agreements, and permit wages to be determined by the local rates paid in other industries. The miners have also submitted a document to the Coal Commission—a description of almost unbelievable violations of civil rights by ruthless mine owners in the non-union fields in Pennsylvania. The Railroad Labor Board has at last availed itself of its right of public reprimand, excoriating the Pennsylvania Railroad, which refuses to permit its men to elect as their "representatives" the nominees of the shop crafts unions. As an answer to critics of the Railroad Labor Board, President Harding on his tour of the continent will devote much attention to singing its praises. The President's own pet project, the World Court, continues to attract critics and adherents, among the latter being numbered Presidents Angell of Yale and Faunce of Brown.

IN THE ECONOMIC panorama of the week must be noted the announcement of another adverse trade balance for the United States in May, twice as large as that of April. Senator Copeland of New York, who is receiving much support from professional Democratic politicians for the vice-presidential nomination, again appeals to President Harding to call a world-wide economic conference. Building projects worth $500,000,000, so the veracious daily press reports, are jeopardized by labor trouble. While Senator David Reed of Pennsylvania demands a lower rate of Federal taxation on earned incomes, pointing out that a worker can be taxed as much as fifty-eight percent, and a holder of exempt securities as little as twelve, Wisconsin is in the act of passing a drastic new state tax law taking seven percent on corporate incomes above $6,000 and ten percent on private incomes in excess of $15,000. With the approach of July 1, steamship companies are dumping aliens into Ellis Island with the hope that they may be charged against next year's quota. A few days of dreadful anxiety have been followed by the reassuring news that the Dempsey-Gibbons heavyweight battle will take place after all. It was merely the second $100,000 for Mr. Dempsey which was temporarily delayed.

IN THE DIPLOMATIC game between France and England over the German question the British hand appears to be growing stronger. Hitherto the French could defend any move otherwise indefensible by claiming that their prestige was at stake. Having forced Germany to promise the impossible, the French could insist that national prestige required the imposition of penalties for non-performance. Having invaded the Ruhr they held that prestige required them to persist in their unfortunate undertaking. Their prestige, they now assert, is bound up with their ability to force Germany to abandon passive resistance before negotiations on the indemnity can be opened. But prestige is a game that more than one can play at. British prestige has been brought into the game. The British never accepted the legality of the Ruhr invasion, nor did they believe it would settle anything. They were willing to stand by until the French learned by experience that nothing was to be gained by such means. This attitude implied that they would expect the French to change their policy when failure was demonstrated. And now all Europe is looking for England to act. If she does nothing her prestige sinks to its lowest point in centuries. The attitude of the government in refusing to urge upon Germany the unconditional ending of passive resistance is indication that the British are not ready to accept such a loss tamely.

IN THE LONG RUN the French will have to back down unless they can goad the Germans into active resistance. A serious German uprising would break up the diplomatic game and introduce new factors from which the French might hope to profit, because of superior military position. The recent extension of French control of the railways points to a provocative policy. With every road into the Ruhr in French hands, the Germans have their choice between cooperating with the French on such terms as the invaders may dictate, or letting the Ruhr population starve. The acceptance of forced cooperation might easily excite a nationalistic uprising; abandonment of the Ruhr population to hunger would almost certainly produce a communistic upheaval. And the French would welcome either form of disorder. Unluckily for them and luckily for European peace, the consequences of active resistance are perfectly obvious to the Germans. No German who has any feeling of responsibility will play the French game by leading a revolt against either Berlin or the French occupation.

THE FRENCH WILL NOT hear of any scheme for placing the indemnity on a business basis through the decisions of an international committee of financial experts as to how much Germany can pay and by what methods. They insist on their twenty-six billion gold marks, plus whatever sums England and America demand from France in payment of the interallied debts. We have held from the beginning that the cancellation of the American and British war claims on France would be good policy, provided France abandoned her dangerous dream of a military hegemony in Europe and returned to her honorable position of

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a leader in culture and civilization. We have also believed that twenty-six billion gold marks was not an excessive compensation for her property losses, which Germany promised to make good under the pre-armistice agreement. But the moral position of a creditor is badly weakened when he places difficulties in the way of the debtor's paying. The French policy of menace, followed by the Ruhr invasion, has greatly reduced German capacity to pay and justifies a revision downward of the whole French claim.

THE DETAILS OF the American "twelve mile" proposal have now been announced, and they put a somewhat better face upon the matter. The three-mile limit for territorial waters would remain intact, the United States being granted only the privilege of search and seizure within the enlarged region. The French objection that Great Britain would control the English Channel and the Straits of Gibraltar under the new arrangement thus falls to the ground; in fact, as the State Department points out, several European countries have rules in force similar to the one proposed for the United States. Moreover, it is not intended for general acceptance but as the subject of reciprocal treaties between this country and various other powers, which would not interfere with the existing relations among the latter.

EVEN WHEN THUS EXPLAINED, however, the American proposal remains a rather sordid confession that no important legal principle lay behind the recent ruling against liquor on foreign ships in our territorial waters. If we are willing to cancel it in exchange for a petty agreement to hamper the rum-runners, it was not important enough to be promulgated in the first place. In view of the flagrant and general violation of the Volstead Act in every city on our Atlantic seaboard, the order that foreign ships may not bring liquor within our territorial waters, even under seal, in compliance with their own laws, is a piece of gratuitous international impertinence. Affairs are not materially improved by the latest pronunciamento which permits liquor for the crew to enter our waters under seal on the pretense that it is "medicinal". This arrant hypocrisy relieves an impossible situation temporarily, but is certainly not calculated to increase the respect for us among our European neighbors.

THE PROSPECT FOR orderly civil government in China is darker than it has been at any time since the revolution. The provisional cabinet at Peking which succeeded to power when President Li Yuan-hung fled cannot long survive with empty coffers. If Chang Tso-lin moves down upon the forces of Wu Pei-fu this summer, as he is said to be planning to do, a period of acute civil war is certain. Meanwhile fighting has broken out afresh in the South, where Sun Yat-sen is in the field in defense of his Canton government; Japanese gunboats are patrolling Chinese waters; and transportation and food supply are disorganized. The one bright spot in the picture, and that only from an occidental point of view, is found in the release of all the remaining foreign victims of the kidnappers.

A HEAVY SHARE OF responsibility for China's plight must rest, of course, with the foreign powers. It is true that the Chinese themselves have not as yet shown much genius for the type of Western democratic government with which they have been experimenting for the past decade; but it is also true that the powers have never given China a fair chance of self-determination. The whole scheme of spheres of influence, the wide application of extra-territoriality, the system of foreign post-offices, and above all, the foreign control of the only sources of revenue available for a federal government, have operated against the creation of a strong central authority. The Japanese policy, of which the Twenty-One Demands and the long occupation of Shantung have been only the outstanding evils, has been the worst single influence in the whole situation. The Washington Conference, while in many ways beneficial to China, confirmed her in a position of inferiority when it failed to admit her as a signatory of the treaties which most directly affected her interests. Everyone who faces the facts must admit that dark days are ahead for China, and that no immediate relief is in sight.

FIGURES OF RAILWAY income are beginning to show that, as predicted by candid analysts, the roads have entered a period of diminishing returns on the heavy traffic being handled. Although car-loadings in March of 1923 were 11 percent ahead of the corresponding month of 1922, and gross operating revenues in consequence much larger, net operating income for this March was only one-tenth of one percent greater than for March last year. This net income, moreover, represented a smaller rate of return on the tentative valuation of the roads, or 5.84 percent against 5.96 percent for March a year ago. The smaller percentage is caused, of course, by the growth of the valuation through the purchase of new equipment and facilities necessary to handle the traffic. The Interstate Commerce Commission has authorized the issuance of more than $170,000,000 in equipment trust certificates alone during the past six months, which, with pending applications, is nearly twice as much as during the entire year ending October, 1922. While it is still uncertain whether enough new equipment has been purchased to retire the worn-out cars and locomotives and

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also provide for peak traffic next fall, it is almost certain that the added interest charges will prevent the railroads from reaping any advantage in rate of return out of the heaviest freight movement ever known.

MEANWHILE, on account of the general business situation the purchase of new equipment has already shown a marked falling off, especially in May. The railroad purchases account for a large part of the activity of steel and other basic industries, and are one of the chief impulses behind the present period of prosperity. While there are enough orders on hand to keep the equipment concerns busy for the rest of this year, unless orders keep up in something like their recent volume one of the chief props of prosperity will be removed before many months. Thus it happens that excessive railroad capitalization not only tends to prevent the railroads from giving service and earning a "fair return," but also is likely to injure general business conditions. Here is a theme for the valuationists!

ONE OF THE tragic forms of social waste comes about through the constant shifting of attention, and the leaking away of our moral energy. On June 16th the New York Times contained a careful account of the killing of a workman by a policeman, on the ground of resisting arrest. The generous blood of a hundred thousand readers must have boiled at the story given by the victim's companion of the brutalities inflicted upon them, and chilled again at the complacent defence of the outrage by the police lieutenant. Any doubts as to extenuating circumstances must have been removed by the evidence of competent eye-witnesses reported in detail. If a hundredth of the readers moved by the story to a sense of their complicity in this social crime would maintain their sense of responsibility for a few weeks, even to the extent of making the Times follow up the case, there is no doubt that the policeman would be tried for murder and the lieutenant driven from the force.

IF STAMBULISKY had lived the new régime in Bulgaria would certainly have been shortlived. We may credit the official account of his capture, the attempt at rescue, and his death in the affray, if we have sufficient will to believe. Stambulisky himself, in his order for the killing of the Macedonian outlaw leader, exhibited a similar Balkan preference for a thorough job. But we can not believe that the new government of Bulgaria will sit long at ease. Stambulisky was a man of force and intelligence, but his power rested upon his representative character. His policies were the ideals of the peasantry, the essential element in Bulgarian national life. No revolution in the capital will change the peasantry or its ideals. And it will find no lack of aspirants for the dangerous role of leadership. The fear of death has small potency in the Balkans.

ANY MAN HATES to be called a fool. Hence it is not surprising that in the defence of Garvan and the Chemical Foundation from the charge of defrauding the country Frank L. Polk, who acted for the government in the sale of the German patents, stoutly avers that he knew perfectly what he was doing. "I felt that here was an opportunity to build up a real chemical industry in this country. . . . It appeared to me that this was a wise plan to make the American people independent of foreign controlled patents." Which reminds us of James Russell Lowell's remark when the international copyright was opposed in the interest of American readers, "My desire for light has nothing to do with taking my neighbor's candles."

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that in their patriotic enthusiasm for building up an American chemical industry Garvan and Polk should have overlooked the rights of Americans as well as Germans. We have heard of citizens of this country who were railroaded to Fort Oglethorpe while, under the kindly ministrations of the Alien Property Custodian, their business was turned over to their competitors. A similar case seems to be that of Charles R. Parmelee, President of the Chinosol Company who testified that his patent was seized by the Alien Property Custodian and despite his protest turned over to the Chemical Foundation. After operating under the patent for some years the Foundation agreed that they had no right to it and returned it, after forcing Mr. Parmelee to sign a document releasing the Custodian and the Foundation from any claim for damages. The Alien Property Custodian under authority from Mr. Polk sold the patent in question to the Foundation for $50. Mr. Parmelee considered it worth $150,000 and had spent $100,000 in developing business under it. If Mr. Polk is so eager to identify himself closely with these patriotic proceedings we do not see why the United States attorney does not accommodate him with an indictment and a seat in the dock.

ACCORDING TO MR. EDWIN L. JAMES, it is a current view in Paris that since the German domestic debt has been wiped out by the fall of the mark, Germany could carry an indemnity of twenty-five billion dollars as easily as the French can carry their domestic debt which amounts to fifteen billion dollars at present exchange. The argument is one we often hear in America. But neither its French nor its American exponents would care to apply it generally. If Germany is financially stronger because she has repudiated her

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domestic debt, France and America can strengthen themselves in equal measure by repudiating their debts. Almost everybody really knows better than to believe anything of the kind. A domestic debt is a private national affair. If it is paid, it is done through the transfer of resources from the taxpayer to the bondholder. If it is repudiated, the resources of the bondholder are in effect transferred to the taxpayer. The national wealth is not increased or diminished by such operations, except incidentally to the effect on credit, enterprise and thrift. A foreign debt stands on a quite different footing. Interest and principal can be paid only through an excess export of goods or services. Will anyone claim that this excess could be increased for France or America by the simple act of repudiating the public debt? Neither has it been increased for Germany.

THE Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company has abolished the twelve-hour day in its open hearth department. So has the Republic Iron and Steel Company. From the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company come reports of satisfactory operation under the eight-hour day. Judge Gary insists that the twelve-hour day is preferred by the men, yet the workers in the first two plants named desired the shorter work period so strongly that they were willing to accept reduced wages for its sake. There are not enough workers available to maintain eight-hour shifts, says Judge Gary; but these plants find this is not the case. Under the circumstances, it is no wonder that the Judge's recent report on this subject went in heavily for praise of the Bible, and of the well-preserved ruins of ancient Greece. The Judge's defence of the twelve-hour day is also a ruin, and not a very well preserved one at that.

Why They Love Henry

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has lately been taking a poll of the Presidential preference of its readers, procured through a house-to-house personal canvass. There is no reason to believe that subscribers to this periodical contain an unduly large proportion of chronically discontented folk; yet among the 125,000 persons thus far interviewed, Henry Ford is by far the most popular candidate. He leads President Harding by 22,000 votes and is favored by nearly three times as many persons as the third candidate, William G. McAdoo. Not only is this true, but he has captured all the doubtful states, and many which are supposedly rock-ribbed Republican.

This poll is only the most recent and most tangible of a score of evidences that the Ford boom is, without exception, the most serious political phenomenon in the country today. For months the Washington correspondents have been writing dispatches to the effect that politicians who underrate his strength are due for the surprise of their lives next year. Attempts have been made, not very successfully, to prove that the entire Ford automobile selling organization is being used to further his political plans. The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World in convention at Atlantic City, voted the other day that Ford is the best advertised individual in America, though at least 99 percent of his publicity comes to him without his lifting a finger to seek it. A man who recently walked twice across the continent, from New York to San Francisco and back, made a point of staying overnight in farmhouses whenever possible, and reports that practically without exception his hosts regarded Ford as the greatest man in the country and the best available presidential timber.

What is the meaning of this extraordinary national popularity—a popularity which, despite the suspicions of the New York Tribune, is almost entirely spontaneous in character? On the face of the facts, it might be supposed that Ford would be the country's best-hated citizen, instead of her most popular son. He is very near to being the richest man in the world, if he does not actually occupy that place; and everyone knows how democracy hates a multi-millionaire. He is rapidly extending his material holdings in the United States, by his purchase of coal mines, hydro-electric power sources, raw materials and subsidiary factories, until he is in a fair way to achieve that economic dominance which Stinnes is trying to attain in Germany—a thing about as anti-democratic as could well be imagined. Mr. Ford, moreover, belongs to the hated class of factory owners; and while he startled the country with a $5 a day wage some years ago when that was better than the average pay, it is not on record that his employees find life one beautiful sweet song, by any means. Indeed, for some years he has inflicted upon them a type of welfare work and paternalistic supervision of their morals which is invariably made the subject of bitter criticism when other capitalists—such as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for instance—engage in it. A Ford factory is said to have been moved from one English city to another because the inhabitants of the former refused to have his agents "sticking their noses into people's private affairs."

Finally, nothing is supposed to hurt a man's political chances so much as his becoming a laughing stock before the whole country; and Ford has done this in abundance. The exploit of the peace ship would have been sufficient to finish the career of any ordinary man. The main product of Mr. Ford's factories is an automobile which for years led even prohibition as the chief theme of American humor. His testimony on the witness stand in the Chicago Tribune libel suit was of a character which, to put it with the utmost mildness, few public men could have survived.

In our opinion there are three chief reasons for

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the public's refusal to allow any of these considerations to wean its affections from the king of the flivvers. The first, no doubt, is the dwindling prestige of the two major political parties and the men who run them. The country as a whole, and the farmers of the Middle West in particular, have reached a state which almost deserves to be characterized as desperation. It is commonly felt that hardly anyone could make a worse mess of affairs than now exists. This condition of discontent goes far deeper than the Ford presidential boom, and may have results more calamitous than putting him in the White House.

A second factor, without doubt, is the skill and fervor with which Ford utters the shibboleths of the mob against the very class of which he is the most conspicuous example. He berates "the big interests" as though he were not, in his own name, one of the biggest. For enormous numbers of Americans, such phrases as he uses have become the centre of a sentimental complex; these persons react instinctively on hearing them, just as almost all of us react to the mention of the Star Spangled Banner, the Declaration of Independence, the Blue and the Gray. Ford—perhaps in good faith—thus succeeds remarkably in running with the hare and riding with the hounds.

More important than either of these reasons for his popularity is one which strikes its roots deep into the soil of American character. Our people believe in democracy, but not in equalitarianism—and certainly not in that "leveling down" process which is the basis of European communism. Provided a man obeys the rules of the game, we do not care how large is the personal fortune he derives from his efforts. Ford has made his money by delivering an honest product at a low price; he started in the conventional American way as a poor boy; as his supporters point out, he worked nights on his engine for months and years, while he earned his living in the daytime as a salaried employee of someone else. In short, he has fulfilled the American formula in its most decent terms: he has got ahead by his own industry, inventiveness and sagacity and has done so, not at the expense of his fellow men, but by supplying human wants, wants partially created by himself. Incidentally, his action has made him the chief contributor to an amazing alteration in our civilization—an alteration which is quite generally regarded as being for the better, and as therefore entitling him to admiration as a benefactor of mankind.

Even if the qualities in Ford which make him admired be taken at their face value, they of course in no way guarantee that he would be a desirable President of the United States. Indeed, the contrary is almost certainly true. There are intelligent men who favor his candidacy because they believe our whole governmental machinery needs to be shaken up and drastically altered, and they think Ford's incumbency would make this inevitable. Such reasoning, however, is too sophisticated for the average citizen. He sees Ford as a sort of enlarged crayon portrait of himself; the man who is able to fulfill his own suppressed desires, who has achieved enormous riches, fame and power without departing from the pioneer-and-homespun tradition. Therefore he loves Henry; and is determined to vote for him next year, if he can get the chance.

Exit the Kansas Court

THE Kansas Court of Industrial Relations is dead. That great achievement of the Middle Western "law and order" movement is killed by the Supreme Law of the land. Not all the eloquence of Governor Allen can blow the breath of life into it again. For, while in the recent Wolf Packing Company case the Supreme Court invalidated only that part of the Industrial Court Act which permitted the fixing of wages in a packing house as a means of avoiding a strike, the scope of the decision drags down with it the whole structure of the act. It is inconceivable that if any attempt were made to enforce the anti-strike features of the Kansas law, the Supreme Court would sustain it. The opinion of the Chief Justice clearly recognizes that "joint compulsion"—"compelling the employer to pay the adjudged wages and forbidding the employees to combine against working and receiving them"—is the underlying theory of the act. The Supreme Court thus treated the case before it as a clear issue of compulsory arbitration, and decided that no state can attempt to solve its industrial relations by resorting to compulsory arbitration, except, probably, in a restricted class of public utilities. Thus fails another social experiment, not because it has been tried and found wanting, but because it has been tried and found unconstitutional.

A decision which is acclaimed by both Mr. Gompers and the Counsel of the National Manufacturers' Association satisfies, at least, the combatants in the industrial conflict. But issues are raised by this decision, as by other recent decisions of the Court, calling into question the scope of the Court's veto power over the social policies of the individual States. The New Republic is opposed to the idea which underlay the Kansas Industrial Court. We believe that compulsory arbitration is not the road to solution of our industrial difficulties, in the present stage of American industry. We believe that compulsory arbitration is ineffective and unjust so long as trade unionism is not frankly and widely accepted, and there is no recognized body of industrial standards capable of application by industrial courts adequately equipped to apply such standards. We therefore disbelieve in compulsory arbitration as a social policy; but we do not disbelieve in Kansas or any other state

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venturing a trial of the experiment. The Supreme Court now holds that the constitution, unless amended, presents a permanent barrier against such a venture. This obstruction is again found in the "due process" clause. The plain fact is that the Court puts this meaning into the phrase "due process" and then finds it there. We too rejoice with Messrs. Gompers and Emery over the death of the Kansas Industrial Court; but it was for the legislature of Kansas, and not for the Supreme Court, to kill it.

The satisfaction of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Emery is the satisfaction of combatants who are allowed to fight. The Supreme Court says, in effect, "Go to it!" Industrial warfare is legalized; its compulsory arbitrament forbidden. Mr. Gompers in his happy escape is, for the moment, indifferent to the legal handicaps which other Supreme Court decisions have imposed against organized labor. The right to strike, generally, is in the Wolf Packing Company case recognized as a constitutional right, but in view of the legal restrictions against it it is largely a paper right. By means of the "yellow dog" contracts, sanctioned in the Hitchman case, employers may resort to equity against threatened interference with their "property" rights through attempted unionization. The injunction as a favorite strike-breaker, though not strike-curer, is constantly doing a flourishing business. Not only has the Supreme Court emasculated the effort of Congress to restrict the use of the injunction in labor controversies in the federal courts; it has denied a state the right to withdraw the injunction altogether from labor controversies. Thus the Supreme Court's contribution to the solution of the industrial conflict consists largely of outworn dicta of the political economists of the nineteenth century, and practical partisanship, however fairly intended, with the employers' side of the controversy.

For ourselves we are convinced that peace and order cannot come to American industry until the balance which now in fact operates against labor is redressed. Redress by law is for the present barred by some of the Court's constitutional decisions. But it is still as true as when Mr. Dooley first said it, that the "Supreme Coorth follows th' iliction returns." Public opinion, if sufficiently sustained and sufficiently strong, seeps into Supreme Court decisions. The Kansas decision bars the door to one experiment. It challenges all the more insistently well-directed effort at solutions dependent upon negotiation and cooperation. Such solutions, however, presuppose a definite attitude in the public mind towards unions. It is idle to recognize the abstract right of unions and even abstractly to recognize that a healthy social order demands unions, while in practice fighting their existence. Unions must whole-heartedly be admitted into our social scheme. Correspondingly they must be subjected to social and legal responsibility. But the injunction in labor disputes must go. Criminal prosecutions and civil suits, with the safeguard of jury trial, are the only tolerable means of vindicating the law. Once freely admit the indispensable function of the union and change its attitude of suspicion and grievance towards the law by removing the attitude of hostility towards labor generated by the injunction, and the conditions for voluntary negotiation and cooperation will be created. The Kansas decision may help towards this end by throwing the public back upon itself by asserting the compelling power of public opinion. In denying compulsory arbitration, the Supreme Court may have provoked compulsory thinking as the beginning of voluntary action.

Orator of the Day

MR. PRESIDENT, ladies and gentlemen, members of the graduating class of 1923. I have been asked to deliver your commencement address. That is a real honor. In return, I feel I should be candid with you. No insult could be more deadly than for an old man to tell lies to younger men in the expectation that they will not know the difference, or will be too polite to protest.

The college course which you have now completed has required four or more of your best years. You are about to go out into the world, possessors of degrees which have cost your parents on the average $3,000 each, and this university an equal sum. For the past sixteen years, each of you has spent several hours a day, five days a week, eight months of the year, listening to advice about the world. Of such advice this commencement address is supposed to be the final specimen.

What does it all amount to? Let us begin, as courtesy demands, with yourselves. Possibly three in a hundred of you are here because of a genuine intellectual curiosity, a zeal for knowledge for its own sake. Of the rest some have come because of your parents' compulsion; and others because four years ago it seemed to you that it was easier and pleasanter to go to college than to go to work. In some cases your parents or yourselves are chiefly interested in bettering a social position through campus contact with young men "of good family." Some of you expect to capitalize these acquaintanceships subsequently in your professional life, or in Wall Street, where the friendship of the right sort of people is more valuable in furthering one's career than is intelligence, sobriety or zeal. Probably the largest motive which has brought this class together is the honest American desire to get on in the world, coupled with the equally honest American belief that a college education is a necessary part of the onward and upward path.

Of each hundred of you as you sit before me in your youthful health and strength and your rented caps and gowns, about ten are probably of

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high intelligence, capable of sustained intellectual effort and likely, if not subject to the frustrations of personality which so often accompany intellectual power, to make some sort of mark in the world. About ten more are no doubt subnormal and on them the labors of the faculty have been wholly wasted. They would have been better off in every way if at the age of fifteen they had been set to learn some simple mechanical occupation and had addressed themselves to it for the remainder of their days.

The other eighty of each hundred of you are leaving college very much as you entered it. Practically all the definite information which you have received is already gone from your conscious minds, or soon will be, partly because college teaching is almost the worst bungled job in the world, partly because the facts imparted to you have been of no importance anyhow, and most of all because your own interest has never been engaged. As the years go by, you will discover increasingly what it is that you actually wish to know; and painlessly and comfortably you will proceed to acquire that information, though you will of course be more or less handicapped because your mental tools have been blunted and marred by the processes of that formal education from which you are now escaping.

As alumni, from now on you will reveal the boundaries of your intellectual horizon by the character of the interest you will display in the affairs of alma mater. With nearly all of you, that interest will be confined exclusively to athletics, and in athletics exclusively to the demand for success in inter-collegiate contests. You will exhibit virtually no concern for the welfare of this institution as a seat of learning, though as you grow older and more prosperous, some of you will develop a mild form of Ku Kluxism, demanding that nothing shall be taught in the classroom which disagrees with your own Tory convictions about life. Once a year you will display your devotion to intellectual discipline, high thinking and plain living by coming back to the campus for reunion, getting drunk on bootleg gin, and tacitly if not explicitly pointing out to the undergraduates that success in life consists in getting fat and, by whatever hook or crook, in making money.

But you are waiting, naturally, for me to utter the advice which is the supposed excuse for commencement orations; and I am quite prepared, if necessary, to deliver the same pompous nonsense which is being heard this month on five hundred other campuses. The honesty to which I am pledged compels me to observe, however, that no member of my generation has anything to say which can be of value to any member of yours. The minimum age limit for commencement orators is forty and up; which means that as a group we acquired our views of life and the world in general prior to 1903. The civilization which flourished while we were growing up had on the whole less resemblance to the world of 1923 than to the times of Tut-ankh-amen (whom I mention because his name is popular just now and should bring a ripple of merriment, without which no commencement address is complete.

The most effective agent in altering the face of civilization is the mechanical inventor; and he has worked more astounding changes in these last two decades than in any previous two hundred years. No commencement orator who had grown to full manhood before he learned to drive a motor car has anything to say to the young man or maiden who has skimmed the highways at fifty miles an hour since he was twelve, and whose adolescence has been framed and formed by motion pictures, phonographs, radio telephony, jazz dances and the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers. Perhaps these things might not have fixed such a great gulf between the generations if they had come as isolated phenomena; but they did not. They preceded and accompanied and followed the Great War. The generation which was in charge of the world's affairs and yet permitted that war to be, is hardly in a position to give advice to the generation whose older members were killed in it, or suffered such spiritual shock and disillusionment as almost amount to the death of the soul.

How can we talk to you of peace and goodwill, when in our own heyday lust and murder have seared the face of half of the world? How can we extol the beauties of reason and justice when we have shown ourselves to be ruled by the blindest and bitterest of passions? I am not forgetting that some fine heroic deeds were done during that war; but it was not we, the advice-givers, who did them. It was you, who took our words in good faith; who believed us when we did not merit belief. To anyone who looks upon the world of today with a candid eye, the notion that the old have anything to say to the young which is worth their hearing seems too fantastically absurd even for that ultimate absurdity, a commencement oration. I feel that no more can be said to you by me, or any other member of the older generation, than: "The world is still here. Go forth, and better our handiwork."

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1923, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK.
HERBERT CROLY, PRES. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS.
DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON PHILIP LITTELL STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY R. H. TAWNEY
DAVID FRIDAY H. N. BRAILSFORD LEO WOLMAN

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The Diplomacy of Reparations

THE new German note affords as fair a basis for the settlement of the economic problem of reparations as it is within the power of any German government to give. This is universally admitted by Great Britain herself. For the first time a stage has been reached at which the choice between alternative policies is clear. We cannot dissociate ourselves from the affairs of the Continent and the working out of the Treaty of Versailles as America has done. We must either seek a conference with Germany and throw in our influence on the side of a business settlement or take our stand with France.

Germany's Blank Check

What does France want? Poincaré's declared policy is to bring about the capitulation of Germany and the signature by the German government of a blank check which has no relation (to quote a semi-official French statement) to "Germany's so-called capacity of payment"—a repetition, that is to say, of the Treaty of Versailles. Since Germany has already signed such documents, a second signature would not advance matters. Indeed, as a method of getting paid, Poincaré's policy is so unreasonable that he can only be supposed to aim at political results.

We must examine therefore the fruits of the French plans. Neither the government of Dr. Cuno nor any other responsible government representing the majority bloc in the Reichstag can concede the French terms. But the prestige of Dr. Cuno's administration is not impregnable. The economic situation of Germany is bad and the psychological situation is very bad. If the French persevere with their pressure, and if Germany receives no encouragement from other quarters, the collapse of the present régime can be brought about in time. In this event, the French terms would be subscribed to by a government of the Communists and Social Democrats of the extreme left—though not of course with the intention of paying. The Allies have the choice of payment from Dr. Cuno or a signature from the communists à la Russe. The advent to the Wilhelmstrasse of a government by the extreme left would yield a paper victory for France and a paper promise from Germany. It would probably be accomplished by disorder in many parts of Germany.

But the consequences would not end there. The most lasting effect would be found in the weakening of the authority of the central government and perhaps in its complete disintegration. Berlin might sign, but if so the rest of the country would repudiate Berlin's authority. Berlin is weak already and the tendency toward local independence is strong. We should see therefore—in what precise form one cannot predict—the weakening of the federal structure and practical autonomy amongst the states, one government for Bavaria, another for Saxony, a third for East Prussia, with the Rhineland and even the provinces of the French Empire—until a new Bismarck arose and a new war. Reparations would be at an end except in so far as France could exploit her new territory or could levy tribute from the more accessible of the other states by recurrent threats of rapine as the Goths did in the fifth century from the provinces of Rome. This, however, would be a secondary and disappearing feature of the new settlement. The main fact would be the devertebration of the German Reich and the establishment by France of a military empire in Europe which would be beyond challenge by any visible forces. France would have achieved what Germany was broken in attempting.

Such a project is capable of achievement. Poincaré may be deliberately pursuing it. In the light of history it is not improbable. Indeed, it is an old story. We are too much inclined in England to discredit the reality of aims which are not ours. We could not believe before the war that Germany was as stupidly bad as she told us she was, and now, ten years later, we cannot believe that France is as stupidly bad as Poincaré tells us she is.

If England Opposes France

Probably France as a whole is not what Poincaré makes her out. In a sense, no country ever has a fixed policy. People's heads are not clear—some want one thing and some another, and everybody is susceptible to atmosphere and to the progress of events. But a point has been reached when we must be prepared to face the possibility of a European policy on the part of the French government directly opposed to ours, and must consider what action we can take in such an event.

The breakup of the Reich is no part of the policy of Great Britain. Politically, socially and economically, such a denouement is dangerous to our interests. But we must object for deeper reasons. Englishmen are very sincere in certain idealisms which they have cherished since the awfulness of war broke upon them. We are not cynical enough to give them up without an upheaval of emotions which would have more depth and disinterestedness than other countries may suspect.

Mr. Baldwin's government will have, therefore, the support of a great majority of Englishmen if they reenter the European arena with the determination to promote a settlement along the lines offered by Germany. If they have not the courage or resource to do so, opposition parties in this coun-

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try must fight a great political battle to bring into office a government which has. In the meantime, we have reason to credit Mr. Baldwin with good intentions. This being assumed, what can he do?

The first step is not difficult. He can state England's policy in plain language. He can say that as far as we are concerned Germany's note offers an acceptable basis of negotiation and that we concur with her in thinking that the time has come for oral discussion. We must not act without first endeavoring to secure joint action with our former allies. But we do not need to wait for this before stating our policy. M. Poincaré has no delicacy in such matters, nor should we have. Open speech is required both to stabilize the precarious position in Germany pending developments and to indicate to France that the period of our quiescence is ended. France will try to prevent Mr. Baldwin from speaking out by hinting that this will make subsequent conversations more difficult. Let him not be taken in by this old diplomatic trick. A bold word now will make his future negotiations easier.

The next step is to secure the support of those who fundamentally agree with us: namely, Belgium and Italy. Neither of these countries has the slightest motive for wishing to sacrifice the actual receipt of reparation money to French political aims. To gain this support should therefore be within the compass of prudent diplomacy. Once this support is secured, France will find herself in the minority of the Reparation Commission. We shall do well in this case to follow Poincaré's example of acting on our juridical rights. Earlier conferences were rendered sterile by the polite convention that all decisions must be unanimous. Poincaré broke this convention and voted us down. We must be prepared, if we can, to do the same to him.

Whilst we take measures to augment our diplomatic strength, we must simultaneously woo France and be prepared to act by her with generosity in return for concessions to our point of view. But it is useless to speak her fair unless at the same time we indicate what our course will be if she doesn't receive us fair. We have abundant evidence by now that to make free concessions to France does not mollify her in the least and only stiffens her presumption.

The means of pressure and inducement at our command are not very great. Nevertheless, there is scope for diplomacy. The aims of France are not one and immovable, but many and subject to change. And whilst there is no visible force in Europe able to stand up to her, her strength is being steadily sapped by those invisible forces which ultimately destroy all seekers after the excessive.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

London (by cable).

[This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Keynes on current European problems. The fourth will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.]

Angora

THE main street of Angora is not more than two hundred yards long, but its cobbles have so sharp an edge that they devour your boot-leather. The natives wear appropriate footgear; the government of the Great National Assembly, which camps here as a sojourner in a far country, is committed to the attire as well as the ideas of the West, and its members suffer accordingly. The official world at Angora is in fact, exceedingly uncomfortable, and the minor miseries of chronic overcrowding and monotony, and alternate dust and mud (according to the season) supply the overture to every conversation, like the weather in England.

The housing problem is perhaps the heaviest affliction. Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and one or two of the ministers, have whole villas to themselves—planted pleasantly enough on some hills a few miles outside the town where there are a few trees and a trickle of running water. But in order to live at Chankaya, one must possess what is a greater rarity than a house, and that is a car, so that you can count the privileged few on your fingers. The Prime Minister inhabits the upper story of the railway station (a solid structure built by Germans a quarter of a century ago). The ex-Foreign Minister is reduced to a single room, and the ordinary deputy or civil servant is lucky if he secures an attic to himself. The semi-official organ of the government is printed in a stable on machines transported from Constantinople upon the backs of camels and mules, in an hour when the interallied police were dozing. The Minister of the Interior is lodged in a moderate-sized private house, and all the rest, except Cults and Foreign Affairs, are crowded into the former Konak, or residence of the provincial governor.

When the indispensable personnel of the government is so congested, it may be imagined that there is no room for wives and children. It is a society of exiles and grass-widowers, without the luxuries of bachelordom or the excitements of active service. How has such a life been endured, albeit with grumblings, for upwards of three years? By hard work, by the vision of a new Jerusalem, and by two meals a day in a restaurant created by the foresight and talent of Kemal Bey. The Bey must not, of course, be confused with the Pasha. He is no man of war, but a professor, and yet the National Government owes a debt to him as well

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as to his more celebrated namesake. Without the President of the Great National Assembly, the movement would never have existed, but without the proprietor of the "Locanta of Anatolia," could it have held out until the achievement of victory? The Locanta is hardly less important a centre of political life than the seat of the Assembly, which is installed next door in a building like an English national school. The Assembly has its off-days; the restaurant, with the omnipotence of monopoly, gathers everyone twice daily within its doors, from the cabinet minister (or rather commissar, for there are no ministers and no cabinet) down to the junior official. Here victims are button-holed and political business is done.

A Stroll Through the City

There is no better starting-point than the Locanta for describing the city. It stands at the lower or western end of the main street, on the right-hand side, with the Assembly beyond it, just above the point where the road dips down into the plain. On the left, as you look westward, Locanta and Assembly are flanked by a dusty garden containing a burnt-out motion picture theatre. Then the road dips and runs for about half a mile in front of you towards the railway station, with its engine-sheds and the work-shops where, during the late war, they contrived new breech-blocks for the guns which the Allied Control officers had dismantled. And beyond the station, the gray-green fells of Anatolia roll away to the horizon, with the blue shadows of clouds chasing across them, just as they do in Cumberland along the Roman Wall. Four times a week, all Angora troops down to the station to see the trains go out and come in; and in the evening, as they watch the sun setting behind the last undulation of the western landscape through which the railway winds its way, officials and deputies sigh for Constantinople. Fortunately, the pressure of business has occupied their minds all day and the Locanta is going to restore their spirits very shortly; but the evening stroll between work and dinner is the hour of weakness, then resolution must summon imagination to her aid.

The lure of Constantinople is combated in the patriot's mind by the vision of the new Angora, with its foundations of sapphire and ruby, its streets of asphalt, and its palaces of reinforced concrete—all to be conjured up in a trice by Admiral Chester, a magician greater than Solomon. The contemplation of the projected Angora makes the actual Angora just tolerable to those who have managed to sojourn there, year in and year out. It saves them from facing the prospect for more than a year longer at a time. Indeed, but for this vision of faith they would be in a terrible dilemma. Constantinople, the "Abode of Bliss" beyond the horizon, is anathema. It is too cosmopolitan, too recently desecrated by the ex-Sultan's treachery and by the foreign military occupation, to be acceptable as the political centre of the new national life. It may become Young Turkey's New York, but never, say the patriots, her Washington.

Yet, were it not for that visionary city in the plain, what a dismal alternative would confront the exile if he had to look eastwards up the main street towards the past of Angora. That citadel of volcanic rock, glowing purple in the sunset and crowned with its double enceinte of Byzantine walls and towers, may seem picturesque to the foreign sight-seer, but it exasperates a Turkish nationalist, much as Venice and Florence exasperate an Italian futurist or fascista. Must one masquerade all his life in the fancy-dress of childhood? And then there is that sinister, desolate slope—a wilderness of crumbling foundations strewn with the skeletons of schools, churches and mosques—which stretches from the citadel almost down to the point at which we are standing. The Greek and Armenian quarters were included in it, and it was burnt out during the war. Was the catastrophe connected with the Armenian deportations? In any case, death had laid its touch upon that area, and it would not be a propitious site for the commencement of the national reconstruction.

Angora's Wasps

Thus Angora is an allegory of contemporary Turkey: a Byzantine relic in the background; the wreckage of racial conflict and catastrophe in dangerous juxtaposition to the present efforts after a better order; a Utopia in the middle distance, and, beyond the sunset, the lodestone of the invisible West. And what significance has it for the rare Westerner whose curiosity brings him there for a day or two? Is there nothing for him to carry away except a half-humorous, half-pathetic impression? Nothing, it may be, if he finds only landscape and architecture at Angora and misses the men; but then he has missed everything, for the Angora which he presumably went out for to see is not the Anatolian country-town nor the real-estate development project à la Chester, but the people who have successfully defied the omnipotent Entente, unmade the Treaty of Sèvres, and frustrated Mr. Lloyd George's oriental policy. This Angora is neither ludicrous now, nor pitiable. It is too busy to be either. All day long, it hums and buzzes, like a wasp's nest which has been trodden upon heavily and deliberately with intent to destroy, but not successfully. The hostile tread has indeed done grievous damage. Right along the Greek line of retreat, from Ushak to Smyrna, every town is in ruins—a fine monument to the Allied policy which brought about the last Graeco-Turkish War. But the devastation of the country, and the hardships of life in Angora itself, have only stimulated the wasps to more angry activity. Through boot-leather and skin they have stung and stung the aggressor till his foot has been sullenly withdrawn, and they are now discharging their parting shots

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at Lausanne. Naturally, the giant is outraged. "If these impudent wasps go on stinging," he complains, "they may almost prevent me from reaping where I have not sown and tapping oil which I have not deposited." So he retreats step by step, pausing between each two backward movements for the insects to calm down.

But here he is deluding himself, for, to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, it is evident already that the wasps are not going to sink back into the feckless condition from which the giant's final assault has aroused them, for, in fighting for their existence, they have learned the secrets of men. The swarm has become an organized and self-conscious nation; the honey-pastures a national home, from which uninvited trespassers will be warned off in future; and this transformation has not passed unnoticed by kindred communities. As you walk up that quaint cobbled street, you run into half a dozen Indians who have come in pilgrimage overland from the northwest frontier, or an Egyptian scholar who is acquiring an Islamic bureau of information. Round the corner to the left, the Afghan legation catches your eye, and behind the burnt area you discover the legation from Moscow. The wasps of the East are on the wing. Therefore, Western humans, "gare à vous!" You must either retire to a safe distance and leave the wasps to themselves, or if you still want to walk in those lucrative wheat-fields and oil-fields, you must contrive to make the wasps your friends. Only do not cherish the illusion that they are the same old wasps as before.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

Suffragists Ten Years After

TEN years ago I was a delegate to the Seventh Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance at Budapest. The Ninth Congress of the same organization, held in Rome this May, resembled the one held in 1913 about as much as a gathering of town-planning experts would resemble a mass-meeting of Indians, Egyptians, East Galicians, or any other small and oppressed nationality which was demanding independent national existence. There is nothing to compare with the single-minded and absolutely unanimous enthusiasm of the oppressed. Ten years ago the women of the civilized world, with the exception of Finland, Norway, and a half dozen of the American states, had no right of franchise, a right which they had been demanding for more than half a century. Today, as Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the retiring president, said in her reply to Premier Mussolini's address of welcome, "the delegates of twenty of the forty nations represented are voters and among them are members of parliaments and councillors of great cities."

Feminism, ten years ago, demanded of its leaders eloquence and passion, of its followers devotion and hard work. Today when there is no longer a single, simple aim and a solitary barrier to break down, there are a hundred difficult questions of civil law, problems of education, of moral and social custom to be solved, before women can come wholly into their inheritance of freedom. Feminism today demands patient research rather than eloquence, and brains even more than devotion. So if there were no thrilling moments in the recent Congress, there was nevertheless evidence of genuine intellectual effort and solid achievement.

For nearly two years four committees had been at work collecting material. By means of international questionnaires and personal research and with the aid of the various affiliated national associations, these committees made a practically world-wide inquiry into the status of women in regard to (1) the right to work and equal pay, (2) the maintenance of motherhood, (3) the nationality of married women, and (4) moral questions. The findings of these inquiries were published in Jus Suffragii, the official organ of the Alliance, a month before the Congress, and in Rome on the Saturday before the formal opening each committee held an all-day preliminary conference for the purpose of considering the findings and of drafting recommendations to be presented at the conference. With such preparation, it was no wonder that the debate on the floor of the Congress was like that of experts discussing complex points, rather than of enthusiasts championing a "cause."

I select two of the resolutions adopted by the Congress for mention in this article, because they seem to have especially important feminist significance. In regard to the nationality of married women the Congress declared not only that "a married woman should be given the same right to retain or to change her nationality as a man," but it recommended the calling of a conference of the governments of the world to adopt a resolution embodying this principle and drew up a provisional draft for such a convention. The Cable Act, passed by the United States last September, giving an American woman who marries a foreigner the right to retain her nationality and requiring a foreign woman who marries an American to go through naturalization proceedings if she desires to become an American citizen, has caused so much confusion in the passport offices of the different nations that the governments will doubtless welcome the proposal of the Congress. They will

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find much of their preliminary work done for them by the special committee of the Woman Suffrage Alliance, the chairman of which, Miss Chrystal Macmillan, is ably qualified to act in the capacity of adviser.

Another rock of the common law that as yet stands unmoved by present feminism is the legal conception of a wife as a dependent, entitled to "bed and board" in return for services, but to nothing more. A resolution introduced by Miss Eleanore Rathbone's committee on the maintenance of motherhood and adopted by the Congress, put a little charge of dynamite under the rock. It reads:

> This Congress believes that married women who are bringing up children . . . are doing work of as great importance to the community as those men and women who are producing material wealth . . .
>
> This Congress therefore declares that such improvements in the laws of the various countries should be made, as will secure to married women a real economic security and independence.
>
> This Congress declares that a husband and wife should each have complete control of their earnings, income and property, except that, in view of her care of the home and the children, a wife should have a right to a certain proportion of the husband's income. . . . And that where the husband refuses to allow his wife the share of his income to which she is entitled the court may order a certain proportion of his wages or other income to be paid to her direct.

Not very happily worded perhaps, but nevertheless these clauses embody the germ of an important new conception of marriage, in which the home-keeping, child-rearing wife will have a working-partner's claim on the family income, not the claim of an unpaid dependent to her "keep." To establish in law and custom this conception of marriage may take a generation or two, but its establishment is essential to the greater freedom of women and should therefore become a major task in the program of the feminists.

So complex is the nature of the problems which women in all countries are destined to deal with as soon as they get the vote, that it may be wise to divide the Alliance into two groups, the enfranchised and the unenfranchised. Women who have the suffrage still to win, above all, women from countries where a wife is still a chattel without the right to hold property or keep her own earnings, grow impatient in listening to the prolonged discussion on advanced economic legislation contemplated for countries where the vote is an old story. A Junior Alliance of the non-voting women, from which each country would graduate and be received into the parent body upon winning the suffrage, might be a solution to the problem. I have suggested this plan to many delegates, but they seem to feel that the backward countries need the help and advice of the more experienced women. It is my feeling, however, that new movements need to be let alone in order to develop their own leaders and their own type of activities, and that the loss in wisdom and experience would be more than offset by the gain in power and enthusiasm that comes with concentration upon a single aim.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN.

Rome.

A Non-Union Union Station

THE city of Cleveland, like Chicago, is a transportation city. As a meeting point for coal and iron, and a junction for lake and railroad traffic, it has a strategic position which has drawn to it manufacturing enterprises by the score and increased its population from 400,000 to 800,000 in the last twenty years. The city lies on a plateau, sixty to a hundred feet above Lake Erie. A strip of beach along the lake shore affords the best approach east and west, and this is controlled by the New York Central, which, with the Pennsylvania and Big Four railroads, occupies a passenger station built in 1865. The plateau is intersected by several valleys which have been utilized by railroads from the south, the Wheeling and Lake Erie, the Erie, the Baltimore and Ohio, etc. Clearly the unification of transportation systems should be one of the first objects of city planning. It was so regarded by Mayor Tom L. Johnson when he developed his scheme of public buildings in 1902. The effort to carry out this plan has written one more chapter in that section of United States history which might be called the railroads against the people, one not less dramatic than Charles Francis Adams's Chapters of Erie.

Mayor Johnson's plan, which was drawn up by such architects as D. H. Burnham, Arnold Brunner and John M. Carrère, called for a group of public buildings on an oblong tract known as the Mall near the edge of the plateau—a post office, courthouse, city hall, library, public hall, and at the head of the formation a union passenger station. The plan was accepted and nearly all the buildings except the last were erected. A contract between the city and the railroads was approved by popular vote in 1915. It was estimated that the station would cost $35,000,000. The city and federal governments had spent approximately that sum in carrying out their part of the enterprise.

About the time that Mayor Johnson was assembling his architects and developing his com-

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prehensive plan in the public interest, an almost equally ambitious project was undertaken in the private interest of Messrs. O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen. This was the development of a residential suburb to the southwest of the city. That was before the days of the universal automobile, and the need for transportation, if the lots were to be sold, obliged the entrepreneurs to seek a charter for an electric railroad. This line, known as the Cleveland and Youngstown, was duly built and is now in operation in correspondence with the city street railways. As a feature of the plan a terminal station altogether more ambitious than is usual for interurban traffic was projected in the Public Square of Cleveland, and the Cleveland Union Terminals Company was organized with the modest capital of $10,000. This feature extended the operations of the Van Sweringens from suburban to city real estate, and opened a vista of development in Cleveland similar to that which has taken place about the Grand Central in New York. The Van Sweringens became local wizards. They charmed banks and private fortunes into their circle until the success of their enterprise became of intense moment to the whole financial world of Cleveland.

Alfred H. Smith's Proposal

But things moved slowly and real estate about the Public Square remained, to quote the Interstate Commerce Commission, "stagnant." About 1912 the Citizens' Savings and Trust Company was understood to have taken direction of the Van Sweringens' enterprises; but whether the latter were in the hands of the banks or the banks in the hands of the Van Sweringens makes little difference. Clearly the real estate near the Public Square needed more power to move it than could be furnished by an interurban terminal station. At the critical time a new ally was secured in the person of Alfred H. Smith, President of the New York Central, who in 1918 appeared with a proposal to abandon the site of the union station on the Mall in favor of a location in the Public Square.

This proposal took the form of an initiated ordinance, and though disapproved by the City Council it was submitted to the electors at a special election, January 6, 1919. Behind it were ranged the big interests of Cleveland, the banks and the newspapers. Citizens' organizations were squarely against it except the Chamber of Commerce which divided. The most persuasive argument in favor of the change seems to have been that work on the Public Square station would be begun at once, giving employment to returning soldiers. The ordinance was carried by approximately 30,000 to 20,000.

Up to this time the only road in favor of the change of site was the New York Central with its subsidiaries, the Big Four and the Nickel Plate. A year was allowed to secure the adhesion of the other roads, but the most important of them, the Pennsylvania, flatly refused. It became necessary, therefore, to pass an ordinance in the City Council permitting the Central to go it alone. This as an emergency measure required a three-fourths vote in its favor. It failed. It was reintroduced December 29, 1919, and after a statement by the mayor in which he promised that at least six railroads would unite on the Public Square site, the necessary majority was secured.

The scene now shifts to Washington, and the Interstate Commerce Commission becomes a leading actor. In April 1921, the New York Central and its subsidiaries made application to the Commission for certificates of public convenience and necessity granting authority to acquire the stock of the Cleveland Union Terminals Company and to guarantee its bonds for the construction of the station in the Public Square. This application was heard by W. S. Colston, Director of Finance for the I. C. C. Mr. Colston had been a brigadier-general during the war. He doubtless remembered his former chief, Newton D. Baker, who until a month before had been Secretary of War. Mr. Baker as a lieutenant of Tom Johnson had been originally one of the advocates of the Mall site, and when he appeared as a witness in favor of the Public Square site his testimony certainly had weight with Mr. Colston, who approved the application and recommended it to the Commission. At a private hearing before the finance committee of the I. C. C. in July, Mr. Baker again appeared, this time as full-fledged attorney for the Van Sweringen interests represented by the Cleveland Terminals Company; and the committee, following Mr. Colston, approved. The application was then heard on August 12th before the full Commission and was rejected.

The report of the Commission, adverse to the application of the New York Central and the Van Sweringens, deserves attention by students of railway history in the United States. It gives a full account of the terminal question at Cleveland and the merits of the two sites, with a drastic analysis of the plan submitted by the New York Central for the benefit of the Van Sweringens and their clients. It finds that although the railroads were to acquire all the stock of the Terminals Company, they proposed to give proxies to O. P. Van Sweringen, insuring to him complete control of this company during the construction period. It finds

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that part of the station to be built by the railroads with their own credit was to be leased to the Cleveland Terminal Traction Company, organized to furnish terminal facilities to a group of electric lines which were to handle suburban traffic, and controlled by the Van Sweringens. This Traction Company was to dispose of a large "concession area" in the station available for stores, restaurants, etc., the income from which was to pay the initial rent of $850,000 charged to the company.

Not only this, but another company organized and controlled by the Van Sweringens and known as the Cleveland Terminals Building Company was to have the right to build a large office building occupying the space of six acres above the railroad terminal, which was to be entirely underground. In return for these "air rights" the railroads were to receive a perpetual easement covering the underground approach from the east. The report estimates that the total cost of the Public Square station on the 1920 building basis would be $72,000,000, leaving untouched some of the serious handicaps to which traffic is now subjected, while the station on the Mall with the rectification of these features would cost less than $35,000,000. The report becomes mildly ironical at the expense of President Smith's pretension that he was acting in the interest of his railroad and its stockholders in relinquishing control of construction, "air rights" and concession areas to the Van Sweringens, while taking the land which the latter had acquired near the Public Square off their hands on the cost plus system popular during the war. Altogether in language of extreme urbanity it reveals the complacency of the railroads to private interests, a procedure, which it declares mildly to be "not compatible with sound railroad finance and economy."

STRAW VOTE

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Why did the Commission reverse itself? Perhaps the visit which President Smith of the New York Central hurriedly made to the White House immediately on the handing down of the first decision had something to do with its action. Perhaps the argument of Newton D. Baker had decisive weight, that we owe victory in the war not to Pershing and his valiant boys but to those modest patriots, the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads, in consequence of their energy in passing freight through the necks of the traffic bottles at Cleveland and Pittsburgh, and that we shall lose the next war if they fail. There are echoes of this bunk in the report of Commissioner Campbell, to whom the case was submitted for rehearing in November 1921. His report is the greatest possible contrast with the earlier one. It is a feeble and disingenuous statement which ignores the fundamental points at issue in the respective merits of the two sites, withdraws the specific criticisms made in the preceding report, and concerns itself entirely with the bad traffic situation at Cleveland, which no one disputes. Nevertheless the Commission accepted it, Mr. Eastman alone dissenting in a trenchant restatement of the original position of the Commission.

Larding the Van Sweringens' Prospects

Although the Commission had decided to permit the location of the station in the Public Square —a decision which gave great comfort to the real estate syndicate which had been operating in that district—it held out on the financial arrangements. Accordingly, the New York Central applied for permission to guarantee bonds to the amount of $12,000,000 for the Cleveland Terminals Company, and in May 1922 Commissioners Meyer and Potter acted on the case. It is interesting to note that, at the hearing in Cleveland before Examiner Agnew, appeared the same Colston who had first approved of the Public Square site, no longer as an officer of the I. C. C., but as General Counsel and Vice President of the Nickel Plate railroad. Although a motion to reopen the entire case was pending, and the date June 27th had been set for its hearing, on June 15th the Committee on Finance, of the I. C. C. granted permission to issue the $12,000,000 bonds, the first actual railroad money vouchsafed to lard the lean earth of the Van Sweringens' prospects. It would be interesting to know how much of this money went to the patient banks which had carried the Van Sweringens so long, whether one dollar of it went to the purchase of land which the railroads will use for railroad purposes.

For the plan at present stands thus. The old right of way of the New York Central along the lake front is to be used for freight. Passenger traffic from the west will be conducted to the heart of the city by means of a bridge or viaduct, more than a mile in length, and a tunnel. Tracks will enter an underground terminal station at a sharp curve, and depart for the east likewise by tunnel. The chances of frequent delays by accident on the curving tracks seem excellent. But it is to be emphasized that the projected railroad tracks do not run over or under the land concerned in the present activities of the Cleveland Terminals Company with its $12,000,000 of railroad money. Not at all. *This land is appropriated to the office building above that part of the terminal to be used by the interurban electric roads, at present for the most part nonexistent.* Whether in view of the state of interurban transportation business these

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roads and their terminal will not remain in the realm of mythology is a question raised by the I. C. C. in its first decision. Meanwhile the passenger traffic of the New York Central continues to follow the lake shore to its station built in 1865; on the bluff just above the tracks the site of Tom Johnson's station (itself only a few hundred yards distant from the Public Square) remains unoccupied, a great gap in the imposing alignment of public buildings, and the terminals of the other railroads remain scattered about the city and suburbs, squalid little monuments to American planlessness.

An application of the Cleveland Terminals Company for a second issue of $12,000,000 is now pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission. It should be resisted by the organization recently formed at the Chicago conference on railway valuation; and the whole situation should be a subject of investigation by the congressional committees on railroads. By the Esch-Cummins Act the I. C. C. is given the right to fix rates of transportation such as to insure to capital invested in railroads a fair return. By virtue of this law the Commission is appointed a guardian of this capital interest, with special power to prevent the railroads from pledging their credit, squandering their resources, and increasing their obligations in such a way as to jeopardize it. By the same law it is guardian of the public, which must bear the burden of increased railroad charges in the form of increased rates. Has the I. C. C. fulfilled its trust toward the shareholders of the New York Central or toward the public in the matter of the Cleveland terminal, or has it proved a tool in the hands of men enjoying a position of special privilege at the expense of legitimate interests and the public good? It may be hoped further that such an investigation will expose three matters of highest importance to the citizens of this country: first, the political influence to which the I. C. C. was subjected to reverse its original decision; second, the nature of the relations between the New York Central (*or* its directors, *or* President Smith) and the Van Sweringens; third, the circumstances under which men like Baker and Colston can apply the prestige and knowledge which they gain in public service to the profit of private interests which menace public welfare.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

An Open Shop Shuts Down

IT is a rainy morning in early June. The hall is enormously long and dingy; not well lighted, and blurred even more by the mist from the rain outside. The time is nine o'clock. In threes and sevens and tens the striking clothing workers trudge up the narrow stairs into the hall. They are all young, mostly Italians and Poles. There is a quiet eagerness about their looks, a bright seriousness in their manner. They are just in from the picket-line. They shake the rain from their outer garments as they take them off. And they talk to each other in tones that remind you of a religious holiday.

The chairman, followed by a group of officials and speakers, mounts the platform. His call to order is only half heard in the echoing dimness of the drab hall. There is a scraping of folding chairs as people adjust themselves to listen. The strike committee reports. More workers are out. They are coming out every day in larger numbers. Employers are trying to bribe individuals with wage increases. Some have installed victrolas in their shops. There have been fights on the picket line. One picketer was attacked by a scab with shears. Another was struck by an employer. Many have been arrested. All are bailed. But the workers are coming out, coming out, coming out.

The committee men are followed by organizers and other speakers. There is much cheering and enthusiasm as these morale makers rehearse the achievements of the union, portray the loyalty and heroism of the strikers and call for more loyalty, for discipline, for unity. It is a young enthusiasm, the sort that wins battles and football games.

The meeting adjourns. The strikers break up into groups about the hall before returning to picket duty. You walk among them listening to conversations and asking questions. Here and there is a young lawyer taking affidavits. You listen, you keep on listening to one group and another in the hall. Two hours have passed.

This is what you have learned from the hum and sigh and stutter of questions and answers overheard.

The clothing workers of Buffalo until 1920 had most of them been members of the Buffalo branch of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. They had been members under agreements which prevailed in this market until May 1920. Then the manufacturers refused to continue the agreements or to grant the wage increase. The refusal was followed by a strike, wholly unsuccessful, which petered out in September 1920.

Members, who had been on strike, found, upon returning to their jobs, that they could get no work. In many instances they were told that no "union agitators" could get employment in the city of Buffalo. Numbers of them had either to leave

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the clothing trade or to seek a living elsewhere.

Those who did get employment were required to sign individual contracts. They had to sign them either at the time they were employed or a couple of weeks afterwards. Hardly ever were they told what they were signing. Mostly Italian, Polish and Jewish immigrants, they could not read English at all, or if they could it was only with great difficulty. Often the card would be brought to them after they had been at work some time, and they would be requested to sign merely "as a matter of form." The text of the card would in many cases be concealed, with only the line for the signature visible. Among the documents submitted by the English Woolen Mills Company, Inc., in its petition for an injunction against the strike for the Buffalo clothing workers is a copy of a contract, whereby the employee, in return for his job, must not only agree to refrain from joining a labor union, but must also forego all discussion concerning union matters or conditions in the shop. He is forced to promise also never to engage in any industrial activity in support of a labor organization which works against the employer. In effect he signs away his right to representation by an attorney, to appeal to the appropriate authorities of the state of New York regarding violations of industrial and public health laws.*

Nor was this contract sufficient security for the open shop in the minds of the Buffalo clothing manufacturers. They next established and maintained a spy system among their workers, who were again and again questioned by managers, foremen and members of firms, concerning union contracts and affiliations. Those who did have contracts with the union were infallibly reported. One Sunday, for example, the union held a picnic at which several girls sold ice cream. The following day these girls were called to the office and told that they might sell ice cream for the union, if they wished, but that they could not keep their jobs if they did. Employees were constantly cross-questioned and re-cross-questioned. If they stood firm in their denial of union membership, they would be called liars. In one instance, a man was called to the employer's office, the doors locked and he was searched for his union card. The employers, in their questioning, found out detailed and specific knowledge of the movements of the workers. Not merely membership in the union, contact with union representatives, but mere suspicion of such membership and contact meant discharge.

Discharge for union affiliation meant in Buffalo either driving the discharged worker out of the clothing industry in that city or forcing him to move to another city. Again and again, employers would tell men so discharged that because they were union people there was no work for them in their own shop or in any other clothing shop in Buffalo. The effort of such worker to obtain employment was invariably fruitless. Passing from one shop to another, they were questioned in each shop about their previous jobs, and always they were told immediately that there was no work for them. At the same time they would see other workers hired. Sometimes they would be directed to return only to be informed that they could not be employed, as it had been learned that they had been discharged for union activity.

Treatment of this sort drove many workers to seek jobs under assumed names. In a short time however, their real names were discovered and they were immediately discharged. As an outcome, a large number of the workers in the clothing industry in Buffalo either left town or found what work they could in other industries, while many remained idle, suffering acute hardships for a long time. The body of workers recruited in the industry and now on strike are to a large degree a new aggregation of clothing workers.

The system of "individual contract" and its operation constituted and accomplished the maintenance of a black list. This was achieved by the creation of the Buffalo Clothing Manufacturers' Association, of which the following firms are members: M. Wile and Company, H. Wile and Company, Epstein Frank & Lochner, English Woolen Mills Company, Inc., Sesson Clothing Company, Cohn, Himmel & Company, Goodman & Rothchild, Britten Stool & Jaffee. This association has established headquarters and maintains a central bureau. Attempts have been made to organize the contractors in the market into a similar association with a same object in view. And many workers spoke of an association of superintendents and foremen and other officials with a purpose of combatting the union.

The individual contract and the black list are,

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* The Employee represents and agrees that in case the wage scale, hours of labor and working conditions or any of the same are not hereafter satisfactory to him (her) he (she) will in person communicate to the employer his (her) complaints, criticism or additional demands and *that he (she) has not and during the continuance of employment by the employer will not entrust or authorize any person, persons or Labor Union or other organization or association to present or make any such complaints, criticism or demands or to enforce the same for and in his (her) behalf or for and in behalf of his (her) co-workers, either directly or indirectly, by peaceful persuasion and arguments or by* picketing, interference, intimidation or otherwise and that he (she) will not during this employment or *at any time thereafter* strike or incite, picket, join or participate in any strike against the employer by his (her) co-workers, or by members of any Labor Union or other organization, and that he (she) will not, at any time, induce, incite, entice or attempt to persuade any employee of the employer to join any Labor Union or organization or to quit their employment nor will he (she) assist or aid any other person or persons in so doing; nor will he (she) engage or participate in any boycott against employer.

[The italics are mine.]

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in effect, an attempt to reduce the clothing workers of Buffalo to a state which can hardly be called anything but peonage. They are the worst features of the open shop movement which followed the great war. Their survival in the clothing industry in Buffalo makes the latter the plague spot of that particular industry.

That the conditions were intolerable to the clothing workers of Buffalo may be seen in the fact that although the larger number of them are newly employed in the industry and have had no previous union experience or affiliations, they have joined the union and are on strike. The Buffalo clothing industry is tied up. The local leaders have declared that the purpose of the strike is the establishment of Americanism in the clothing industry of Buffalo. By Americanism they mean generally the standards and conditions of industrial organization and industrial peace which have been characteristic of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America in all markets where they have agreements with the employers. In their stand they have the endorsement and good will of all organized labor in Buffalo. The Central Council of the city put itself on record to this effect by a unanimous vote. And their fight is in fact and principle a fight for the very life of organized labor under the law. It is of intimate concern to all the labor unions of the land, regardless of their character or affiliations.

HANNIGAN HOLT.

O Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

IN Europe, in some countries, when a man dies, his coffin rides, and his friends walk behind with a bareheaded, disconsolate slow dignity that makes the passerby take his hat off too and pause and acknowledge briefly life's end.

In other countries, and in ours, a black, beetle-like trail of dismal carriages rattles through the streets with half-drawn blinds ill-concealing uncomfortable, gloomy faces; or else a convoy of bulging limousines hurries past elevated pillars, trying to nose out the confectioner's yellow delivery van. And no passerby raises his hat.

But in no other country is the undertaker's trade raised to an art, with morticians, and funeral parlors, and mortuary churches. In the east, in a big city, on a main street, there thrives a mortuary church. Here a vast pane of glass reveals a "Japanese enamel cloisonné vase and carved wooden base, seven feet high over all." I quote from the catalogue. The "Douglas Service" catalogue, with pictures of the Douglas Mortuary Church. But life is stranger than catalogues. Let's go in.

A reception hall like the lobby of a Park Avenue apartment house. Small one-track carpet trickling across furlongs of marble to the elevator. Marble floors, marble ceilings, marble tables. Ten-foot mirrors. Elongated brass urns. A fat-cheeked attendant—or salesman (Meet our Mr. Charon)—behind a shiny desk. The noiseless self-operating elevator. More still stone floors. A mail-chute. The Mortuary Chapel, built like a crypt. (Second-story crypt.) Architecturally speaking, reinforced concrete with one-quarter-inch Gothic. U. S. approved sprinklers neatly housed in the pendants of the vault. Wooden pews, holding prayer-book and catalogue. Open one: "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live. . . ." The other: "What is the cost?" Electric fan. Palms. Two organs: hand and electric. Our attendant is a woman. "We place the body under the palms," she says, "regardless of wealth or creed." Six feet away on the other side of the palms is a tobacco factory.

More stone corridors. The Conference Room. Was a will ever mentioned here? Grand Rapids Empire. Museum of gold furniture. Dead white Statuary. Girl After Her Bath, by Profesor P. Lazzerini. Nickeled Thermos bottle. Lily cups. More corridors. Mail chutes. The Family Reception Room. Chrome-gold Piano, grand; lid at half mast revealing obliquely on its under side French XVIII Century celesto-pastoral orgy. Gold-table, sweeping curves, bow-legs, all gold. Forty-niner's nightmare of a skating rink. Crouching Venuses on pedestals. Brocade armchairs.

Next! The Napoleonic Reposing Room. Heavy Imperial curtains. A dead gilt clock. Imperial armchairs, stately, voluminous, not to be sat in, embroidered with imperial bees in symmetrical swarm. Old print of the surrender of Cornwallis. Steam radiators. Absence of Lily cups. The Innes Reposing Room. Arab warrior on pedestal. Museum chairs. Phantasmagoric clock. Full-rigged gilt table. One Innes landscape, in twelve-cylinder gilt frame. Weighty, preposterous curtains. Chill light from State Street. Valuable rug. "Look at the carpet," says the attendant. Another hall. Stone, mail chutes, marble nudes on pedestals. Finest examples of the difference between sculpture and statuary. The tapestry, the Renaissance, the Louis XV, the State Street Reposing Rooms. Marble bust of loving pair. Bronze de Milo. Chinese vase. Persian carpet. Standard sanitary marble. American corpse.

In a gray-stuff casket, heaped with arranged flowers, the face of a dead man, thin, unearthly, luminous as wax. Is it real, or only a model? This, we are told, is the most popular room. Next is Suite F. Silent, embalmed carpets, statuary white and still as death. Easier to speak here of auctions than of death. Another casket. A pale lifeless face, delicately inscribed with life's trivial, tragic discomfort. A woman of about forty-five. The attendant feels the two cheeks, at once, with a firm, expert, mournful pinch. "That's some of my work. She died yesterday."

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More corridors. The Smoking Room. The Gold Room. "The famous Gold Room." The goldest of all the rooms. More Lily cups, in a neat little stack. Corridors, silent, stony. A glimpse of a room with women sewing large white things. "That's where they make the slumber robes." In a corner, large portrait of Mr. Douglas "as a young man." Marvelous organization. To quote from the catalogue: "More than 100 employees are engaged in this great work.... in these rooms the remains repose in simple dignity or in the most sumptuous state, surrounded with priceless works of art gathered from the four corners of the globe.... A service man will be glad to call and discuss this subject at any time."

The Floral Department. A forest of ferns and marble. The invincible vase, the marble Venus that dies not, wreaths, a desk and a telephone, bronze of Father Time cascading ancient locks of hair, fallen asleep over a child in his arms. The office. Chart with names and dates of arrivals, service given, and a special column headed "Salesman."

Louis XV skylights, terazzo floors, scratched ashlar, Mazda daylight, valances with ogee curves, whipped-cream sofas, fringed boudoir lamps, four legged tripods, alabaster barber-shop ceiling lights, Fox and Crane Aesop jar, chorus of snow-white steam radiators, Kalamein wire glass windows, clutching candelabra, Carrara wantons.

There were seven arts. Here is the eighth, unison of all seven toward a beautiful exit from the world, with Venus, Sèvres, statuary, cloisonné, organ, Innes, dirge, fan and lily-cups.

... Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay....

If we must leave the world with cost and ceremony, let in God's name the cost be little and the ceremony natural. A few words at sea, and the final splash of flag-wrapped clay into the sea. Mortal ashes on the top of a hill, blown along the grass and the heather on the hill by whatever winds may be passing by.

If we care enough for ourselves to wish for a simple end can we now avoid the hideous solemnity of mortician-art-dealers in any manner except by resolving not to die at all?

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

Lippmann vs. McDougall

SIR: Mr. Lippmann, in his reply to my letter, runs away from the main issue, covering his retreat with a cloud of words. He now seeks to justify his scornful references to me by imputing to me the view that "intelligence tests in general, and the army tests in particular, *isolate* and *measure* hereditary mental abilities." I do not hold this view; for I cannot conceive that any procedure is capable of isolating and measuring any mental abilities. Nothing that I have written warrants Mr. Lippmann in making this absurd but damaging imputation.

I do not think that controversy over this question with Mr. Lippmann can be profitable, for, as it seems to me, he commands neither the precision of thought and language nor the intellectual rectitude that are prime requisites for any such discussion of it. But since the question is of great public interest and importance, I wish to define my position concisely.

In my books, I drew attention to "evidence ... which indicates very strongly, if it does not finally prove ... that the upper social strata, as compared with the lower, contain a larger proportion of persons of superior natural endowments." This is the "superiority doctrine." I pointed out that this doctrine had been widely accepted among those who have studied the question, and that the application of "mental tests" was providing new evidence in support of it. The tests on which I chiefly relied were those devised by myself and my pupils and applied by two of my pupils, Mr. Cyril Burt and Mr. H. B. English. As early as 1908, realizing that the Binet tests were quite unsuitable for comparative studies on a wide scale, I set myself to devise a set which should be universally applicable for such research, i. e., tests under which the performance of the subject should depend as little as possible on the influence of his environment and training. Both Mr. Burt and Mr. English, applying these tests independently of one another, reached results which, in their opinion and in mine, strongly supported the "superiority doctrine." The army tests and most of the others in common use have not been devised from this point of view. My tests required long and repeated individual interviews with each subject. The army tests and most of the others have been devised with the object of rendering them applicable to large numbers of subjects as "group-tests." Nevertheless, I believe that differences of performance under the army tests and many others, do indicate corresponding differences of natural endowment; though I do not believe that they "isolate and measure hereditary mental abilities." I hold this opinion on the following grounds: (1) It is in accordance with the mass of evidence accumulated by such workers as, Galton, Havelock Ellis, and F. A. Woods; (2) it is in accordance with the results obtained by the research of Mr. English, specially directed to this point and conducted with much greater expenditure of care and labor on each subject than any of the group-testings; (3) some of the results of the army and other testings cannot easily be reconciled with any other hypothesis. As an example of the latter, I would refer to Table I in my book (Is America Safe for Democracy?) and the reasoning of the accompanying text. There it is shown that, when the army tests were applied to a large batch of colored and white recruits, the performances of the illiterate whites were almost exactly on the same level as those of the literate colored men. Here, then, scholastic advantages were all on the side of the colored men; yet their performance only just equals that of the illiterate white men; while that of the illiterate colored men falls considerably lower in the scale. How can we explain this result, if not in terms of differences of natural endowment? If schooling favors performance under these tests, then the literate colored men must have been less well endowed by nature than the illiterate white men. If schooling does not favor performance, then the literate colored men must have been a superior sample of their kind, selected from the mass by the school system. Either explanation is possible; but it seems probable that both are partially applicable. In any case a difference of natural endowment seems to be revealed.

Mr. Lippmann is assiduously endeavoring to find, in the more recent work of Mr. Burt, some justification for the attitude he has taken up. This work is chiefly based on the application of the Binet-Simon tests to children of the London primary schools. These children are of what is roughly called the working class, with some infusion from the lowest stratum of the middle class. Yet, on comparing children of schools in poorer and less poor neighborhoods, he finds indications of superiority of the latter

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which he cannot wholly account for in terms of opportunity; and this in spite of the smallness of difference of social status and the admitted unsuitability of his tests for revealing innate differences of capacity.

The case for the "superiority doctrine" cannot be shaken by the demonstration that this or that bit of evidence considered in itself is inconclusive. My opinion in its favor derives from an impartial consideration of a great mass of varied evidence. I submit that, when the evidence is so considered, the case is a very strong one and that Mr. Lippmann's ingenuity, displayed in so many lengthy articles, has not materially weakened it or justified his unmannerly treatment of my works.

W. McDOUGALL.

Harvard College.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing letter, I have received from Miss A. H. Arlitt her report of "intelligence tests" applied to 243 Negro children from five to fifteen years of age. (Journal of Applied Psychology, Dec. 1922.) Her principal conclusions are the following: (1) "The Median I.Q. for Negro children decreases with increasing age from age six to ages ten to fifteen combined"; (2) "at ages five and six Negroes are superior to whites of the same social status. At all ages beyond six, Negroes are inferior to whites and this inferiority increases with increasing age."

This seems to me to be striking evidence in support of the view that the function (or functions) which determines success under the "intelligence tests" is in the main hereditary; and for the following reasons: Miss Arlitt's work seems to have been carefully done: all the Negro children tested were in school in areas where education is compulsory: the fact that at five and six years the Negro children surpassed the white children seems to indicate two things: (1) that the later inferiority of the Negroes is not merely the expression of the bias of the observer; (2) that the observed differences between Negroes and whites cannot be attributed to environmental influences. If, with Mr. Lippmann, we seek to explain them in this way, we meet this difficulty. We shall have to attribute the later inferiority of the Negroes to inferior home influences. But it is in the earlier years, when the children first enter school, that any such inferiority should be at its maximum; and under the influence of schooling, the inferiority due to such influences should tend to diminish. That is to say, the facts are just the opposite of those required by Mr. Lippmann's assumptions, and are perfectly in harmony with the hypothesis he rejects. Further, they are in harmony with the opinion often expressed by close observers of the Negroes, namely that as young children they are as bright as white children; but that they do not develop so rapidly or so far, when early childhood is past.

W. McD.

SIR: Mr. McDougall, it appears, is another psychologist who finds it so unprofitable to argue with me that he argues with me repeatedly and at length. This seems to be a mannerism of his school of thought.

I find it profitable to argue with Mr. McDougall for the following reasons:

(1) In the preceding letter he states that "he cannot conceive that any procedure is capable of isolating and measuring any mental abilities." But two years ago when he published his book, Is America Safe for Democracy? he thought otherwise, or at least spoke otherwise, e. g. "And the main bulk of your population is below the C plus level. That is to say the results of the army tests indicate that about seventy-five percent of the population has not sufficient innate capacity for intellectual development to enable it to complete the usual high school course." (p. 162). If these statements did not mean that the army tests had isolated and measured native capacity, what did they mean?

(2) In his letter Mr. McDougall states that as early as 1908 he realized that "the Binet tests were quite unsuitable for comparative studies on a wide scale." But in 1921 he quoted Mr. Terman's conclusions from the Binet tests, without qualification, to support the conclusions from the army tests, which I cited under (1). (cf. p. 162-163.)

(3) In his letter Mr. McDougall states that "some of the results of the army and other testings cannot easily be reconciled with any other hypothesis" than that of differences of natural endowment. I agree and have said so several times. *Some* of the results cannot be reconciled with any other hypothesis. That is a very long way, that is an enormous way, from justifying a generalization like that about "seventy-five percent of the population" etc., etc.

(4) It is a pleasure to be able to point out, on the basis of Mr. McDougall's letter, that he now admits the truth of the conclusions for which I have argued "in so many lengthy articles," namely, (a) that it is "absurd" to think we have a procedure "capable of isolating and measuring any mental abilities." (b) that the army tests did not "isolate and measure hereditary mental abilities." (c) that the Binet tests are "quite unsuitable for comparative studies on a wide scale."

WALTER LIPPMANN.

New York City.

The Profession of Salesmanship

SIR: In your issue of May 9th is a book review by Mr. Charles Merz for which I thank him, you—and Heaven. He sounds a note as unexpected and as welcome as the tinkle of a far-away waterfall after a night of unendurable jazz. He suggests that salesmanship is a monstrosity, overwhelming, hostile, hateful. Bravo! Bravissimo! Go it, David! Ginger Cubes was only a snowball. More stones from the brook for your sling, and let fly at this Giant Advertising. He is huge only because he is hollow.

Why should salesmanship be labelled a profession? A rhetorical question, and here is another. Why should anyone who sees through these shams, quackeries, defence-mechanisms, hypocrisies, idolatries, conform to this success worship? A Protestantism misplaced in Mexico (vide Professor Ross) might be well occupied against the superstitions of Selling, and an iconoclast could have quite a party smashing up billboards.

MARJORIE TRUE GREGG.

Boston, Massachusetts.

The Ethiopian Art Theatre

SIR: In spite of the manifest spirit of fairness and good will in which Mr. Robert Littell's review of the Ethiopian Art Theatre, in the issue of May 30th, was written, Mr. Littell appears to me to labor under two fundamental misconceptions. The first is represented in his thesis that an Ethiopian Art Theatre has no other mission than to produce drama either written by Negroes or written about Negro life. The second is in his assumption that an essay by Negro players in the general field of drama must necessarily imply a racial challenge.

Mr. Littell has evidently succumbed to the popular fallacy that ever and always and in all respects the Negro is essentially "different" from the rest of the species, and thus his article reflects the common expectation that everything a Negro does must be racially characteristic. He can conceive of no product from Negro hands free from the stamp of individuality and belonging to all races as does any true art. May not Negro folk make an appeal in the ordinary terms and be judged by the canons of universal application, or why indeed should any essay outside the realm of the purely negroid be necessarily adjudged as "copying" white folk?

The attempt by Negro players to interpret the great plays of the world competently no more implies a desire to imitate other races than does the learning of the multiplication table. The point is that this "distinctively racial" business can be overdone, and it is overdone when used to circumscribe and cramp Negro talent. Incidentally, I half suspect that the little cross-section of Negro life entitled The Chip Woman's Fortune was put on as a curtain raiser each night to demonstrate that the Ethiopian Art Theatre does not lack respect for the race's "distinctive contribution."

Mr. Littell's assumption that the repertoire of these Negro players was designed as a racial challenge is no less faulty. It would seem to me that he is incurably habituated to the Nordic yard-stick. Why must white persons see propaganda in everything the Negro does unless it is connected with "deep free-rolling laughter" or with "that amazingly accurate syncopated motion which seems natural" to him? Is it not just barely

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possible that Miss Preer, for instance, may have had the laudable ambition to give a faithful and artistic performance of Salome on her own account and with never a thought of the hundred and one paler counterparts who had wriggled the dance of the veils before her? If in four or five places she "concentrated a depth and pitch of emotion almost uncanny, so much more poignant was it *than even some of the very best the stage gives us*," was not the parenthetical statement that she scarcely looks as if she had Negro blood, rather gratuitous?

I have no sufficient grasp of the technique of the theatre to venture any observation on Mr. Littell's criticism of the acting as such. How he could have found it possible to endure two views of Wilde's unlovely and frequently stupid piece within the same week baffles me. I have been wondering, too, whether Mr. Littell did not somewhat reflect his surfeit of Wilde in his appraisement of the work of the players. The gold-plated spittoon falling down the stairway the second time within one week may have landed somewhere near to Mr. Littell's exposed sensibilities.

GEORGE N. CRAWFORD.

New Haven, Connecticut.

Wages in Hard Times

SIR: Although David Friday has done a useful and interesting service by his article on Incomes during Business Depression, I am unable to agree with the first half of his conclusion that "neither the workers for wages and salaries nor the recipients of investment income suffered greatly." According to his own quotation from the study of the National Bureau of Economic Research, wages and salaries in the manufacturing industries declined thirty percent in 1921. Professor Berridge's chapter in the same study shows that the reduction in employment in these industries was between twenty-five and thirty percent, and was much greater than for any previous depression for which we have data. "There seems good ground for believing," he writes, "that, in actual diminution of employment, the depression of 1921 was almost twice as acute as that of 1908 and at least twice as acute as that of 1914-1915." A quarter of industrial wage-earners totally unemployed and the total of their scanty incomes reduced by one-third—it is difficult to imagine a much more uncomfortable situation.

The conclusion which it seems to me should be drawn from Mr. Friday's figures, as well as from the other data on the subject, is that there was a startling disparity between the suffering of the wage-earners during the depression and the virtual stability of incomes from interest and dividend payments.

GEORGE SOULE.

New York City.

In Defence of Patriarch Tikhon

SIR: In the New Republic of May 16th there appears an editorial on the impending trial of Patriarch Tikhon, containing the following:

> Dr. Tikhon, formerly Patriarch of All Russia, is avowedly a Tsarist. His denunciation of the Soviets for destroying the Tsardom, his pleas to the Russian people to overthrow the Bolsheviks and restore the Romanoffs, have been published far and wide. Some of them were circulated in this country at the time when interventionist propaganda was active.

I should be great obliged to you were you so kind as to inform us where and when any declarations of the Patriarch were printed in which he has announced himself as a partisan of Tsarism and as being in favor of the restoration of the Romanoffs. As for myself, this is the first time I ever heard of any such proclamations.

I do know, however, of some other acts of the Patriarch which you are apparently ignorant of. Thus, at the close of 1921 and the beginning of 1922, a convention of Russian clergymen living outside of Russia was held, under the leadership of Metropolitan Anthony, in the city of Karlovitz, Jugoslavia. This convention, being under the sway of the reactionary elements, passed a resolution favoring a Romanoff restoration, and addressed a corresponding memorandum to the Genoa Conference. But when this came to the attention of Patriarch Tikhon he addressed, on April 10th, 1922, the following communication to the Holy Synod and Supreme Church Council at Moscow:

> I enclose herewith the issues of the Novoie Vremia of December 3rd and 4th, 1921, and March 1st, 1922. In these are printed the proclamations of the Karlowitz Church Council and its addresses to the World Conference at Genoa. These acts are of a political nature and therefore conflict with my epistle of September 25th, 1919.
>
> Therefore—
>
> First, I regard the Karlovitz Council of the Russian clergy and laity abroad as having no canonical significance, and its epistle on the restoration of the Romanoff dynasty and its address to the Genoa Conference as not expressing the official sentiment of the Russian Orthodox Church.
>
> Second, as the Russian Church Administration abroad is trespassing into the domain of political action, and as, on the other hand, the Russian parishes abroad have already been entrusted to the care of the Most Reverend Metropolitan Eulogius, resident in Germany, the Church Administration is to be abolished.
>
> Third, the Holy Synod is to pass judgment on the ecclesiastic responsibility of certain clergymen abroad for their political actions in the name of the Church.

The above communication was duly discussed, and the decision was that the Russian Church Administration abroad should be abolished, which it was, and the resolutions and address of the Karlovitz convention were declared to have "no ecclesiastico-canonical significance."

As for the epistle of September 25th, 1919, alluded to in the Patriarch's communication, I regret to have been unable to obtain the Russian text thus far. But I have in my possession a copy of an intercepted Soviet wireless message, dated Moscow, October 22nd, 1919, which contains quotations from that epistle, reading as follows:

> Far from aiming at the overthrow of the Soviet regime, we declare categorically that any suspicion that this is our aim is unjust. The establishment of any particular form of government is not the business of the Church, but of the people, the Church not being linked with any special form of government.
>
> It is said that the Church is ready to bless foreign intervention. This accusation is vain and baseless. We are convinced that no foreign intervention can save Russia.
>
> The Patriarch disavows past manifestations in honor of the White Guards and considers that such as occurred were prompted by the reactionaries. In conclusion he invites the clergy not to allow themselves to become the tools of political agitation, but to submit to the decrees and ordinances of the Soviet authorities.

It is very characteristic for the Bolsheviki that, while they are now trying to punish the Patriarch for his alleged counter-revolutionary activities, they did not disdain in October, 1919, to take good advantage of the Patriarch's influence and authority for furthering their own political aims. The above radio ends as follows:

> It will be seen that in face of the danger from abroad all political parties have rallied round Communism in order to repel the danger from the counter-revolution. The highest authority in the Russian Church, having broken off all relations with the counter-revolution, exhorts all to recognize the Soviet's power and condemns uncompromisingly all foreign interference in Russian affairs.

I hope sincerely that you will see your way clear to acquaint your readers with these documents, were it for no other reason but a sense of elementary justice and fair play for a man who faces death by execution.

MICHAEL M. KARPOVICH.

New York City.

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Sir William Harcourt

The Life of Sir William Harcourt, by A. G. Gardiner. New York: George H. Doran Company. Two volumes. $12.00.

VIEWED on any larger canvas than that of the political history of his own country, Harcourt is not a particularly interesting figure. He was a Philistine, insular, unoriginal, without a vestige of romance in his nature. He said of himself that the age of Sir Robert Walpole was the age in history that would have been most congenial to him, and his choice of that prosaic character as his hero had nothing in it of affectation. Yet Mr. Gardiner's admirable biography will find readers outside England for two reasons, one personal, the other political.

Though his character was entirely lacking in the picturesque, Harcourt's career, regarded as a personal adventure, has a singularly dramatic quality. In 1885, when Gladstone was seventy-six, Harcourt was one of the three men who were possible candidates for the succession. The other two were Hartington, the great Whig landowner, and Chamberlain, the Radical who had made his money and fame in business and the public life of a modern city. Hartington and Chamberlain were in violent controversy on all the issues of the time—political reform, land reform, Irish reform. Harcourt liked Chamberlain better than Hartington, but Hartington's politics better than Chamberlain's. When the Irish crisis threw politics into confusion, events took an unexpected turn, for Chamberlain, to everybody's surprise, followed Hartington out of the Liberal party. But Chamberlain, though he would not accept Home Rule in the form Gladstone had given it, was ill at ease in his new position: he still had a sturdy Radical dislike of Harrington and for some time it was believed that he would return to the Liberal party. Mr. Gardiner's pages show that the most important person in this crisis did not desire this. Gladstone had made up his mind that Chamberlain was at heart a Jingo and a dangerous man; the sort of man who is even more dangerous in a popular than in a conservative party.

If Chamberlain had come back, nothing could have kept him out of the succession. He was a more skilful politician than Harcourt; he was associated with the powerful world of commerce whereas Harcourt was an aristocrat disliked by his order as a deserter; he impressed the imagination of his age, whereas Harcourt could only amuse it. Thus the party's loss was Harcourt's gain, for with Chamberlain out of the way, Harcourt became Gladstone's undisputed second and there was every reason to conclude that the leadership would fall to him when Gladstone went.

It is therefore especially interesting to find from Mr. Gardiner's book that Harcourt was the one man who tried with all his heart to bring Chamberlain back into the party. Chamberlain was an arrogant and impatient man, with a short temper and a bitter tongue. Harcourt was in these respects not unlike him. Yet, as Mr. Gardiner shows, Harcourt worked incessantly to effect a reconciliation, accepting slights and annoyances of every kind, successfully repressing his pride and his temper, both of them highly explosive elements. Harcourt had too much vitality to like any other place as much as the first, but he showed throughout these proceedings that his attachment to the interests of his party was a still stronger force in his nature than ambition.

Harcourt's prospect of the succession now seemed sure and yet he missed it. He is the only politician of his time who missed the chief prize of politics for no other reason than failure to control his temper. It looked as if in his dealings with Chamberlain he had exhausted his capacity for self-control. In 1892 Gladstone, at that time eighty-three years old, formed his last government. Harcourt was his Chancellor of the Exchequer. During the next twelve months he made himself intolerable. He was overbearing in council, always meddling in the departments of his colleagues and whenever he had a brush with another minister, which was pretty nearly every day of the week, he said all the spiteful, vindictive and insolent things that came into his head. Hence it happened that when Gladstone retired, Harcourt was put aside by the choice of his colleagues. The Queen could not have made Rosebery Prime Minister if the cabinet had wanted Harcourt, but even Lord Morley, much as he distrusted Rosebery's temperament and ideas, could not bring himself to submit to the rule of Harcourt. Harcourt was in the Commons and Rosebery in the Lords; Harcourt had been an important cabinet minister before Rosebery had received his first subordinate office; but Harcourt had so behaved that his colleagues forgot his personal claims, his fighting prowess, all his advantages over Rosebery as leader of a democratic party, and only remembered that he had behaved to them like a bear with a sore head. Thus he could not exercise, when his personal interests needed it, the self-control he had shown when his personal interests pointed the other way. Then there was another turn of the wheel. After his failure that looked like final eclipse, Harcourt astonished everybody by the spirit in which he accepted his fate. His manners improved; he suppressed all signs of chagrin; he threw himself into his work and by unexpected qualities of tact and address he carried a drastic reform of taxation through a House of Commons in which his party had at the best a doubtful majority of forty. When that Parliament came to an end his chief opponent said that he had proved a greater leader of the House of Commons than either Gladstone or Disraeli.

In a political sense Harcourt's career is interesting because of his passionate attachment to parliamentary government. He contributed no ideas to politics, for he had no constructive imagination and he never looked below the surface. But he had the good as well as the bad traditions of his party in his blood; he believed that England should be governed by men of education, with a good sense of responsibility and a tolerant outlook on life. As we review the nineteenth century two things strike the mind about its history. One is its failure to find a solution for the great problem that fell to it, the problem of adapting England's social life to the conditions created by the industrial revolution; the other its success in keeping in Parliament an institution that never lost its hold on the nation through all the changes that substituted a popular electorate for the handful of voters that it represented before 1832.

In a century in which almost every Continental nation passed through a revolution, England succeeded in changing her political complexion without violent disturbance of her political life. Just before the war there was some sharp criticism of Parliamentary government on the ground that it lent itself to party intrigue, that it had become an instrument for the ambitions of powerful men and powerful interests, that it encouraged imposture and insincerity, and that it defeated instead of serving the spirit of self-government. There was and is serious substance in this indict-

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ment. But if we compare British politics with the politics of Continental countries in respect to tolerance, to the atmosphere of social conflict, to the readiness to give and take between class interest and opinion, to the willingness to face fiscal realities and painful duties, we shall conclude that the preservation of this system has advantages of which it is easy to lose sight in our impatience with its failures.

Thus Harcourt, who gave to the House of Commons the devotion with which men serve their religion or their art or their search for truth, was more important in our history than he would seem if we judged him by the range of his ideas or his appreciation of the complex world in which he lived.

J. L. HAMMOND.

New Novels

Seven for a Secret, by Mary Webb. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

ON the morning after her seduction Gillian Lovekin "lay and cried as many another has cried—because she had just found out that she had awakened by the side of the wrong man." Problem: How to put Gillian to sleep by the side of the right man, Robert Rideout, her father's shepherd, a cowman and a poet? Mrs. Webb's solution comes high. It costs her a wedding, a dumb illiterate wife who learns to write a few words, gypsies, a murder, a noble wrong-headed self-sacrifice, a suicide, a flight from the country. Some of these merely planned, not done. England on the border of Wales. Names like Gruffyd, Dysgwlfas, Rwth. Bucolics. Speech locally colored, farms, mountains, moors, snow, ewes, sex. An innocent pretentiousness, a continual slight flutter of incommunicable wonder, a good faith that is amiable, silly, almost disarming. Contains something sure to be mistaken for imagination by readers who haven't any. Likely to have a good sale. The official timers have not yet determined whether, on pages 292-3, the non-stop kiss record is broken or only tied.

The Day's Journey, by W. B. Maxwell. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $2.00.

DON'T let the beginning of this hard-shell novel deter us from persevering. To leave it unread would be to miss an able performance. All their male acquaintances fight shy of Wilfred Heber, because he's quarrelsome, cantankerous, impossible; and of his friend Carrington Bird, because he is such a formidable bore. They are shut up to each other's society. They always have been. When we meet them Heber is sixty-two and Bird sixty. Back we go to their boyhood and thence onward to the present. Something remarkable befalls us in the course of our journey. Gradually, so gradually that we cannot tell when the process begins, Bird changes from an ordinary bore, of the kind we have run away from a hundred times, into an individual, into a man whose kindness and friendliness have won us over. His stories are as endless as ever, his remarks just as trite, he is the same old sixpence, yet we have got inside him, we care a great deal what happens to him, we wish him well, he has gained our affection. And all this without our being able to spot any corresponding change of attitude in Mr. Maxwell, who seems always to be observing and annotating Carrington Bird with a detachment uniformly sharp. An effect which Mr. Maxwell aims at, of course: he knows what he is about: notice the superficial unfriendliness with which he reveals to us, bit by bit, all his women. As for men, in spite of his workmanlike precautions, the solitude he creates for Bird and Heber strikes me as a little artificial. And the war chapters, near the end of the book, are a mistake. The war is to Mr. Maxwell what the post is to the cyclist who sees it getting nearer, who is afraid he'll run into it, and who does.

My Friend from Limousin, by Jean Giraudoux, translated by Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harper & Brothers $2.00.

IF Lazarus had been let into the dining-room, ordered to run about on all fours, restricted to such crumbs as he could catch on the fly; if he missed many, muffed others, and still had his fill of exciting dishes—then Lazarus would have felt what I feel while reading this novel that won the Balzac prize. But M. Giraudoux is not Dives only. He is also a quick-fingered young god who treats the present, especially the German present, as Apollo treated Marsyas, but light heartedly, but just for the fun of the thing. M. Giraudoux is also a circus rider for whom a pair of galloping horses is too jog-trot a vehicle. With one foot on a zebra and the other on a Ford car he drives this team precisely where he pleases. Gun in hand he moves so fast that the most stationary objects seem to be on the wing when he shoots them. Two things, two thoughts, a thought and a thing, these he seizes and yokes together without slowing up. By dint of this gift of seeing surprising analogies he scatters wit all over the place, comedies in a sentence, farces five words long. Here extravaganza is concise, intellect is gay, nonsense is brilliantly critical, the highest high spirits have a strong taste of clear mind. I have read M. Giraudoux twice, once in French a few months ago, just now in Mrs. Willcox's superb translation. I am sending copies of his book to the readers most certain to appreciate it, to Lucian, Alexander Pope, Voltaire, T. L. Peacock and Heine.

The Hidden Road, by Elsie Singmaster. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

MISS SINGMASTER offers us Phebe Stannard's case as though it were nothing but a special case, strictly defined by the kind of girl and young woman Phebe is, and by the kind of experience she is capable of having. Phebe is somebody new in fiction, and most accurately seen. At seventeen "she believed that sexual love was the end of existence; that those who did not experience it had nothing." Along with her unshrinking imagination, always busy with sex, she has both a certain coolness which her way of playing the piano discloses, and a good learning head into which she keeps putting things. In space Phebe travels from her Pennsylvania Dutch town, a small iron-furnace town, to a normal school in Pennsylvania, to a small college for women, to New York, to a week-end of storm on the Jersey coast, back to New York. In time she grows ten years older. She studies, she teaches, she broods over sex, she falls in love three times and has one serious love affair, she inherits money and loses it, she gets just the kind of job she is fitted to do well and to

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like. Oh the second best and how passable it is, how endurable and interesting, into what a good thing we may make it when it happens to be work we can do! Miss Singmaster does not say so. She neither preaches nor teaches. She prefers to let Phebe's experience speak for itself. But we cannot help saying this, for Miss Singmaster has packed so much observation into her special case, has compressed so much life into it, that it has an expanding force, it forces us to generalize, to try and distinguish here between what is special and what matches and illustrates the experience most of us have in common. Yet Phebe remains, after we have done our generalizing, as distinct and concrete as the smaller places in which she does her living, and which Miss Singmaster has realized with unlaboring thoroughness. On men her touch is nowhere near so firm, but had it been firmer, and had she chosen not to load the dice against the men Phebe falls in love with, what Phebe learns from life would not have been different, not relevantly different. And the air which blows through this refreshing book would have been the same, an air from an autumn upland on a day of coolness and sunlight, soberly tonic, the right day for gathering what Miss Singmaster has gathered here, the harvest of a quiet eye. If I had a motherless daughter, say sixteen or seventeen, I'd give a good deal to know that she might count on a friend as kind and as wise as the author of this book.

J. K. SINGLETON

Catching Up With Science

Problems of Modern Science, edited by Arthur Dendy. Eight Lectures delivered at Kings College, University of London. Henry Holt Company. $3.50.

FOR the reader who wants to keep up with modern movements in art and literature the way is made easy by an abundance of interesting expositions and interpretations, but if he wants to find out what men of science are thinking about—a rarer though surely as important an object of cultural curiosity—he has to dig it out for himself from the original documents in the various technical tongues or pick up sensational smatterings from the daily press. Consequently there is, or should be, a welcome for such a work as this in which eight professors of Kings College, University of London, explain the "Problems of Modern Science" in what they think is popular language. Sometimes it is not so popular as they intend; for instance when the botanist casually remarks: "In the Palaeozoic Lycopod Miadesia this process went a step farther; the single megaspore is retained in its sporangium, which is in turn protected by an integumental covering leaving only the apex exposed at the micropyle."

But this is an unfair sample, for though the reader may bump up against a snag like that once in a while, he will find it for the most part smooth sailing and a fascinating voyage of discovery. For in every chapter he will see something new and startling while the very strangeness of the terms will impress him with the fact that every one of the several sciences is undergoing a revolution in its fundamental principles.

For instance he will find in the first chapter, Mathematics, that Kepler's law for the planetary systems is applicable also to the revolutions of the electrons inside the atom. But here he will be introduced to a new universal constant of nature, designated by *h*, and defined as an action, the product of an energy and a time. This *h*, although a newcomer in the world of thought, has already taken its place among the symbols that we all should know, since it determines the size of the units of light that are taken up or given off from an atom. For the old immaterial continuum, the ether, that used to fill all space in our youth, is quietly dropping out of sight and instead of regarding radiation as an unbroken series of undulations as we once did, we now hear of "bundles of energy" and "darts of light." This new view comes from Planck's Quantum Theory, less formally called "the jerk theory," which is quite as revolutionary and considerably more practical than Einstein's Relativity Theory. These two theories dominate the lectures on Mathematics, Astronomy and Physics.

Another old fashioned idea that we must abandon is the uniformity and immutability of the atoms. Professor Richardson tells us how Rutherford knocks hydrogen and helium out of the nucleus of the nitrogen atom by bombarding it with alpha particles from decomposing radium and gets thereby an increase of energy a million times greater than heat of combustion. He suggests "the unpleasant possibility" that "if these effects get going at any time on any considerable scale they may spread from atom to atom with explosive violence, and that would be the end of all things." It is certainly unpleasant to think that some careless chemist may explode all the atoms, for the earth is not insured and we are not all of us sufficiently sure of our future fate in the case of such an extremely sudden and unprepared death. We cannot fall back upon the conservative consolation that such a catastrophe has never happened and therefore never will, for every little while the papers report the appearance of a nova star, whose flare-up must be uncomfortable for those on it or in the vicinity, using the word "vicinity" in an astronomical sense, which is a generous one. Professor Richardson indeed reminds us of the instability of the universe in his conclusion that "it is now very probable that in the evolution of the older stars from the nebulae the heavier elements are continuously being formed from the lighter ones such as hydrogen and helium" with the release of enormous amounts of heat.

Thus we see that the theory of evolution, so far from being abandoned in scientific circles, is being extended from the realm of life into chemistry and astronomy. More than that the boundary between the organism and the inanimate, between biology and chemistry, is vanishing. The disease germs that pass through the minute pores of a porcelain filter cannot be very many times larger than the protein molecule of the chemist, yet they grow and propagate and maintain their specific differences, as do larger creatures. Pasteur taught his disproof of spontaneous generation so thoroughly to the nineteenth century that even the early evolutionists supposed that the first living cell, if not due to a miracle, was the result of a rare accident, happening under peculiar conditions of atmosphere and heat of the geologic past. The extravagant suggestion of Arrhenius that the earth might have once been seeded with a living cell brought from some other planet by meteoric express was welcomed as a possible plausible solution of the dilemma. But in the twentieth century abiogenesis is conceived as not only possible in the past but as happening every day. For Professor Gates says in this volume that in the "minute realm of the ultramicroscopic organisms or viruses the transition from the inorganic to the organic may conceivably be taking place even at the present time."

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In these biological lectures the unscientific reader may find many other surprising things. He will learn that an excess of the addition of magnesium chloride to sea water may cause the embryo of a fish to develop a single eye in the middle of the head instead of one on each side; that an eye-defect artificially induced in a rabbit may be inherited for at least six generations; that an eye can be stimulated to grow from the skin almost anywhere by a suitable chemical secretion; that the distribution of hereditary traits can be mapped out in a particular chromosome of the germ cell; that it took six thousand pounds of ox thyroids to produce 150 grains of the active substance, thyroxin; that another glandular extract, adrenalin, is so powerful that if dissolved in a million parts of water a few drops of the solution injected in the blood will contract the capillaries; that a drop a day of a crude fish-liver oil may supply enough of vitamine A to maintain the health of an animal but that the "refined" codliver oil, though pleasanter to take, is not nearly so potent.

The Problems of Modern Science will not only be useful to the layman by bringing him "news from the front" in the world war against ignorance, but it will also be of service to the scientist who is sometimes almost equally ignorant of what his colleagues in other fields are doing and thinking. EDWIN E. SLOSSON.

The Average Run

The Cry of Vashti and Other Verses, by M. A. B. Evans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Sonnets From the Silence, by Minnie Ferris Hauenstein. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Poems and Plays, by Gertrude Buck. New York: Duffield & Company. $2.00.

Leaves on the Water, by Stanley Kimmel. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.

Fauns at Prayer, by Leolyn Louise Everett. New York: Brentano. $1.50.

Fire Castles, by Maurine Hathaway. Cincinnati: At the Sign of the Pen and Pad. $1.50.

TO the connoisseur of poetry, a book of thoroughly atrocious verse is almost as great a find as a collection of the most exquisite lyrics. But such discoveries are rare. One waits years for a James Byron Elmore (The Bard of the Alamo) with his Monon Wreck and that classic apostrophe which begins

> In the spring of the year when the blood is too thick
> There's nothing so good as a sassafrass stick;
> It regulates the liver, it livens up the heart
> And to the whole system new life doth impart.

But ninety-nine percent of the volumes of poetry whose jackets are torn with their own superlatives are neither good nor bad. Were a reviewer condemned to review all the books of verse as they fell from the press he would be struck, first of all, by the almost universal hunger for rhythmic expression which, differing from the manufactured story, is produced and printed by the author not from any hope of commercial gain but, usually at his own expense, in an effort to achieve some communication with the immensities. As a person, the average writer has neither the mind nor the inflection with which to translate the diverse minutiae of his own life, so he is continually drawn to generalities of thought and phrase, to images that have always been accepted as "poetic"; lacking the stature of nobility, he hopes to increase his height by identifying himself with such noble concepts as Love, Life, Death, Honor, Beauty, etc. One of the invariable signs of the minor poet is his almost complete dependence on major themes.

The six books taken, practically in the order of their arrival, represent the average run. The Cry of Vashti has almost two hundred pages of excellently printed, technically correct, neatly spaced verse. Mrs. Evans is nothing if not versatile. Some of the titles in the present volume are Entry of Lucretia Borgia into Ferrara, To the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, Metempsychosis, Czar Nicholas II, Our Nation, To An Aztec God, Life and Song, Dante. Blank verse narratives, ballades, rondeaux, sonnets, couplets run from her pen with great ease and greater similarity. Sempiternal, one of the quatrains, sets the key:

> New thoughts, new hopes, new aspirations rise,
> New melodies, borne on the breath of spring,
> The dawn of new ideals in the skies,
> On earth fresh hope for ev'ry living thing.

Mrs. Hauenstein's book is a collection of eighty-odd sonnets on such subjects as Ecstasy, Love's Wisdom, Renunciation, Understanding, Prescience, Expectancy, Wings of Song, Dante. None of the sonnets has false rhymes and all of them have fourteen lines. The sestet from Discontent is typical.

> This mastering malady great Angelo knew,
> And Keats th' anointed Prince of Poetry,
> While hero hundreds with its spirit strew
> The speaking labyrinths of History:
> Watch well, O, heart, and make of Discontent
> Divine dynamic to accomplishment!

Miss Buck, to judge from the prefatory memoir, was more of a friend and administrator than a poet. The imagination which she seems to have brought to her teaching is here reduced to the accepted thing in religio-sentimental verse, the stock properties that accompany the usual reactions to the "poetic" mood. After two or three pages, one knows precisely what to expect of lines entitled Peace, Children of God, Love's Cup, Doubt's Guidance, Compensation. One is not disappointed.

Mr. Kimmel's volume is physically more arresting. Poetically, it is equally derivative. His vers libre sketches of the Orient may be the result of Mr. Kimmel's own observation but one has the feeling that others have expressed his backgrounds for him often and more skilfully. "These sketches and tales," writes Sadakichi Hartmann in a eulogistic foreword, "are unique in pictorial vividness." Which proves nothing so much as that Mr. Hartmann has never read Eunice Tietjens's Profiles from China.

Miss Everett is the type of verse-writer who has sufficient facility for her not too grandiose aims. She knows what she wants and how to get it. Is there a demand for wanderlust jingles? And is she inhibited by the knowledge that there have been a few thousand records struck from the original Vagabondia-Pattern 6572 A? Not a whit. Without even bothering to change the needle, she gives us:

> The gypsy lure is in my feet.
> The gypsy roads are white.
> Oh morns of turquoise melody,
> Oh noons of gold delight!

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The gypsy lure is in my brain
The gypsy voices cry.
Oh the caress of summer eves,
Oh nights beneath the sky!

Are pierrots, dryads, nightingales, naiads, sphinxes and pretty serenades out of fashion? Evidently not in England ("where she has attained measurable fame") and surely not in Miss Everett's world. Lutes tinkle, violets hymn the name of the beloved, noble princesses sing to Prince Charming, and birds die of love in these pages which might be contributed to the collection of politely pagan lyrics to be called Stereotypes of Pan.

The jacket of Maurine Hathaway's Fire Castles is a classic of its glittering kind. It bears, among other praises, a tribute from Ella Wheeler Wilcox and these magnificent sentences from The Portland Oregonian: "It sings as Lord Byron sang and Shelley sang . . . Little humor has it—it is too high class for that!" And, if this is not sufficient to establish Mrs. Hathaway among the major constellations, "She is a great poet"—Elbert Hubbard. . . . This much is true: if versatility is greatness, the future belongs to Mrs. Hathaway, "who is always seeking human interest material for her pen and who, at one time, secured a secretarial position in the Narcotic Division of the Prohibition Department." Country rhymes à la Riley, Swedish dialect verse, Negro philosophy, "straight" English homiletics crowd these pages, although it is doubtful whether any of her lines reach the Elmorian heights of the approximation of Kipling which begins:

If you can starve yourself when all about you
Are eating food your very soul demands,
If you can hold your nerve, though all friends doubt you,
And keep on tempting you with rich viands.

If such a quatrain does not prove that her work "contains all the notes considered essential to all poetry," poems like A Letter Home, The Plaint of the Primrose Lady, (which Mrs. Hathaway "has included in this collection of verse for the sake of the lesson they teach") ought to convince. Elbert Hubbard was right. And so was Barnum.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Captain's Doll

The Captain's Doll, and other stories, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.

WITH that curious lack of serenity, that profound uneasiness combined with apparently complete control over what he is trying to create which is characteristic, Mr. Lawrence has written three stories which show him at his best, stories about as living and as well done as can be found anywhere today. In their first impression, they are quite unlike; the places in them are distinct, and the characters different one from another and from their author, but at bottom, in what for lack of a sufficiently large word for so general a thing may be called their point of view about life, there is a clear family resemblance between each of them. For all of them hide faintly a fundamental preoccupation, or rather a preoccupation about fundamentals which is not only inextricably bound up with the subject matter, the scenery, the talk, the behavior, the characters of each story, but also an audible, insistent, penetrating overtone ringing through and above them as a whole.

The English Captain has a fascination for the German countess, and strange power over her which is love and something more she cannot understand, and she has power over him, and locks this power up in the life-like doll she makes of him, and these two powers meet and clash; and the Captain's wife has some kind of power over him, and obeys a sway he exerts over her, and even the Captain's wife has threads tied about him which he cannot cut. And the Countess Hannele falls in love with the Austrian Regierungsrat, because, though he has a "rather wine-reddened, old Roman face," "no one had ever kissed her hand as he kissed it: with that sudden stillness and strange, chivalric abandon of himself." Is she in his power?

No, for Captain Hepburn is a stronger magnet; after their irritating, maddening walk up the mountain, each of them scratching the other, probing for the raw spot, she is caught in his power again. A wonderful scene, with an emotional complexity that is found only in Lawrence. "The glacier, *in a recess among the folded mountains, looked* cold and angry. But morning was very sweet in the sky, and blowing very sweet with a faint scent of the second hay, from the low lands at the head of the lake. Beyond stood naked gray rock like a wall of mountains, pure rock, with faint thin slashes of snow. . . . The livid great sides of rock, livid bare rock that sloped from the sky-ridge in a hideous sheer swerve downwards. . . .'Wonderful! Wonderful!' she cried. . . ." But there was "a sort of silent hostility between them." For "in his heart of hearts Hepburn hated it. He hated it, he loathed it, it seemed almost obscene, this livid naked slide of rock, unthinkably huge and massive." . . .

"I hate their snow and their affectation," he said . . .
"You must be a little mad," she said superbly, "to talk like that about the mountains. They are so much bigger than you."
"They are not bigger than me," he cried. "Any more than you are bigger than me if you stand on a ladder. They are not bigger than me. They are less than me."

And when they have come down off the mountain one is sure that Lawrence feels the savage beauty of the mountains intensely, more than humanly, and that Hepburn hates them with more than human intensity, and that the two, Hepburn and Lawrence, are inextricably one and the same person, and that this hatred and this love are the stronger for being made to live together in one house; one is sure that each is but a different face of the same coin.

In The Fox, an entirely different story, more compact, more beautiful, there is the same undercurrent, the conflict, the "silent hostility," the twinship of something not enough like love to call it love, and something too much like hate to give it another name. The Ladybird is another variation on the same theme, but what a variation, with what depth upon depth of unfathomable, mysterious discovery, like the peeling of layers of truth off a core of truth that is never found. Again the undercurrent of the inseparable waters, hate and love, the silent hostility, the silent, obstinate conflict of one emotional will against another, the relentless personality forever seeking to push itself to some kind of fulfillment, even if at the cost of invading the personality of another. But in The Ladybird

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this recurrent overtone is only one of a number of rare and curious qualities, chief among which is the accomplishment of possessing and understanding a thoroughly mysterious and incomprehensible personality so well that it is impossible to see the dividing line between where the novelist left off imagining and creating and where the character went on living and growing simply by virtue of the strength of his beginning.

All the time, while Lawrence is spinning his stories in the open air with a masterly freedom and lucidity as far as externals go, and his power to describe things that can be seen, and the little turns and touches that separate one character from another and from all other characters born before them, he is drawing up from the darkest unplumbable sources of life a force which he commands but cannot understand, or he would by simplifying it—as most of us do when we think we have understood something—be boasting of his understanding. Others, also fishing in deep waters, only muddy them; Lawrence knows the difference between troubled waters and those too deep for a sight of any bottom.

The difference between his and an ordinary love-story is the difference between a man who can catch a flash of lightning, a roll of thunder, and imprison them briefly for his ends and a man who snaps sparks of electricity in a laboratory. He catches lightning—and yet he cannot, some inviolable fraction of it always escapes him, and the obstinate restless turmoil of his search makes the mood of what he writes.

Love, hate, power, the currents that flash between people as lightning between clouds. These are his elements, and only battling with them in their full incomprehensible strength is he happy. Three elements, or rather only one: he shows us love, and we recognize it; he turns it a little, and what was love is seen to be hate; he turns it a little more, and what was love or hate is that longing for power over other people which can be expressed through either hate or love.

R. L.

Contributors

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES is the author of The Economic Consequences of the Peace, A Revision of the Treaty, etc., and is a member of the group which has recently taken over editorial direction of the London Nation.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE was a member of the Middle Eastern section of the British delegation at the Peace Conference. He is the author of The New Europe, Chapters on Greece and the Balkans, The Western Question in Turkey and Greece.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN is a social investigator and a leader in the feminist and woman suffrage movement. She is the author of Work Accidents and the Law and a contributor to various magazines. Her brother is Max Eastman, editor of the Liberator.

J. L. HAMMOND is an English journalist and sociologist, author of Charles James Fox, collaborator in Essays in Liberalism by Six Oxford Men, and joint author with his wife of The Village Laborer and The Town Laborer.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON, formerly a professor of chemistry in the University of Wyoming, is an editor of Science and The American Spirit in Education.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER is a frequent contributor of verse and critiques to the New Republic. Among his books of poetry are Including Horace, Challenge and a translation of the poems of Heinrich Heine. He is the author of Modern American Poetry and of Modern British Poetry.

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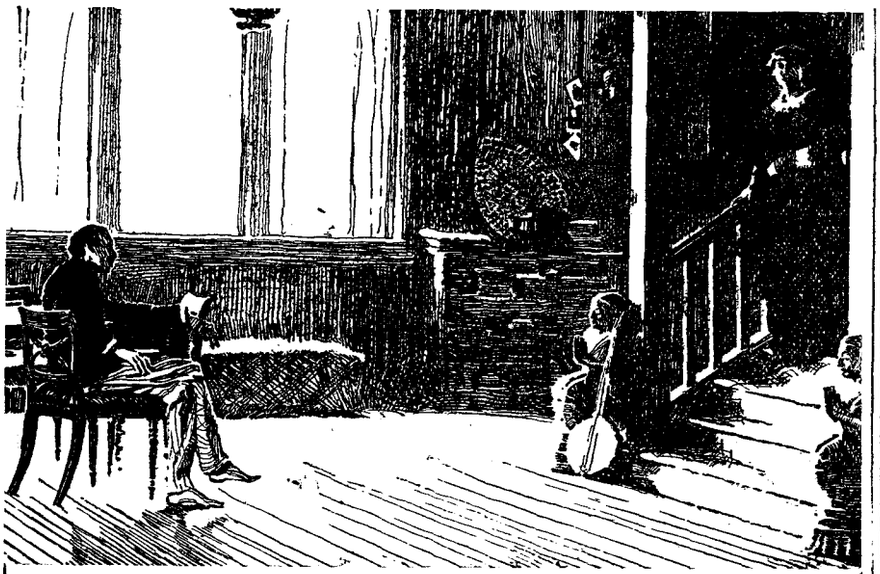

From a drawing by Orson Lowell of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson in the Large Hall at Vailima

They are the magazine feature of the year—those intimate

Robert Louis Stevenson

Letters to Lady Colvin. They begin after he had returned from the Riviera. He and his father now tacitly avoided discussing their religious differences. There is a brief trip to Oban in the summer. There are interesting comments in the letters on Poe and Carlyle and a summary of the three things in life which he most desires.

Edith Wharton

The critical comments on Mrs. Wharton's novel "A Son at the Front" seem to agree that it is the most notable serial of the year and that it is Mrs. Wharton's best work. No such picture of Paris in war-time, with its moving human tragedy, has been written. Do not miss it.

When Did Golf Begin in America?

Charles Evans, Jr. (known to all players as "Chick"), says that golf appeared in this country long before the famous Apple Tree course instituted by John Reid and others. From certain sources it seems to be clear that golf was played at ..... ?

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